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BRIGHT ON THE WALL.

BY J. O.

The holly shines bright on the wall,
Be happy and joyous to-day;
Let the heart, in its gladness, be young,
Let the words of love flow from the tongue,
The cares of the world put away—
For this is Christmas-tide.

The cold wind may whistle without,
Who cares for the cold wind to-day?
Pile up the fire, and light up the room;
Bid adieu to the cold and the gloom;
Be joyous and glad while you may—
For this is Christmas-tide.

Be happy, but do not forget
That many are craving to-day
For the food that doth gladden the heart;
Do not bid them in sorrow depart,
Nor send them all empty away—
For this is Christmas-tide.

A SHADOWED LIFE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR-BOY," "SHADOW AND SHINE," "A FALSE FRIEND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE counsel for the Crown having completed his examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, the cross-examination by the defence, which by permission of the judge had been deferred until the whole of the evidence for the prosecution was before the court, was commenced, Jefferson, the barrister who had undertaken it, rising with a sneer on his ill-favored countenance which promised badly for the unfortunate witnesses who were to fall under the lash of his vindictive tongue.

"You say you were 'married' to the prisoner?" he commenced—Jane Hickson having been placed in the witness-box.

"I thought I wur married," replied the woman sulkily; "but it warn't no marriage at all, he havin' a wife livin'."

"How old are you?" was the next question.

"Thirty-five," answered the witness, who looked fully ten years older, in spite of her gaudy attire and dashing appearance.

"And do you mean to tell me, witness," blustered Jefferson, "that you, a young girl of twenty, would have consented to go to London and be married to a man who you knew was a murderer—and you ask a jury of common-sense Englishmen to believe such a story?"

"It's what I did—believe it or not jest as yer likes. Yer won't bully me inter tellin' no lies."

"I wish to 'bully' you, as you call it, into telling the truth—if that is possible," replied the counsel, bringing his fist down heavily on the table. "Now mind what you're saying, and attend to me. If you went to meet the prisoner in the village, as you say, what took you on to Middleham Lane?"

"Becos, 'tween that and Tiverton Common, Bill used to snare hares and rabbits whinever he'd the chance, and I thought p'raps he was a-settin' springes that night, as the justices were all busy at Fairminster."

"And you want to persuade me that you walked on past Tiverton Common to Middleham Lane, a distance of three miles from Combermere, when you knew you were absent without leave, and might be missed?"

"I risked it," replied the woman, "as I've risked a many things beside, and Margery, the only one I wur afeerd of, was nursing the missus, shut up in her room. Anyhow, I took 'French leave,' as they calls it, and nobody wur the wiser."

"And you saw a cold-blooded murder committed before your very eyes," said the counsel scoffingly, "and neither screamed nor fainted?"

"I dunno about faintin'—p'r'aps I did faint, but scream I didn't, becos I hadn't no breath. It wur took away with the fright."

"Will you swear," thundered Jefferson, "that you didn't faint before you heard the blow given? Will you swear you didn't faint before you recognized the man who gave it?"

Here the counsel for the Crown rose to protest against the turn the examination was taking, and a slight discussion took place, when the question was put in a less suggestive manner.

"You needn't talk no more to me," said Jenny contemptuously, "for yer won't git nothin' else for yer pains than what I've said afore. I didn't faint afore I heard the blow, and I didn't faint afore I seed Bill and heard his voice—I swears it wur he and no one else as killed me lord."

"And you kept this horrible story to yourself for fifteen years," said the counsel sneeringly, "and only let it out to revenge yourself on the man who had deceived you? Such a story, unsupported, will not hold water. Call the next witness!"

Floyd, the Rector's butler, then entered the box, and Jefferson, with puckered brows and sparkling eyes, prepared to cross-examine him, knowing his fidelity and obstinacy by more than hearsay.

"Now, witness, on your oath, can you swear that the hunting-crop produced at the inquest held on the body of the late Lord Alyngton, fifteen years ago, was seen by you in the hall of Combermere Rectory after your master went to Fairminster on the evening of August 16th?"

"I swear it," said Floyd solemnly, "as I've sworn it before, and will swear it again to my dying day!"

"Now, then, be careful how you answer my question. Had your master, Mr. Worcester, more than one hunting-whip, or crop, as you call it?"

Floyd for a moment stared aghast at the artful speaker, and then replied with great scorn.

"The Rector never had more than one hunting-whip since I've lived in his service, and that's more than thirty years, and if he'd had a hundred the Admiral yonder can prove he didn't take them to Fairminster that day!"

Admiral Henley, being placed in the witness-box, was ready for war.

The counsel for the defence rose to the occasion.

"Can you swear that Mr. Worcester carried nothing but a slight riding-whip on the night of August 16th, 18—? The night was dark, and it was after dinner—had you not better think twice before you answer this question on your oath?"

"Confound you," exclaimed the old officer, forgetting time and place and everything else in his honest indignation, "I swore it fifteen years ago, and I'll swear it again, now! There's no 'thinking twice' about it! Neither the hunting-crop produced by yonder rascal, nor any other, was in the possession of the Rector on the night of August 16th. He had nothing whatever with him but a whip like mine there lying on the table. That's all I've got to say, and all I mean to say—I was as clear-headed after that dinner as I am now. We old dogs don't lose our wits so easily!"

Just then a slight stir took place at the entrance of the court, and a dirty-looking man was seen struggling to enter. The police who were on duty apparently favored his efforts, and a whisper ran through the crowd of "Another witness!" as indeed appeared to be the case, for the man came forward and asked to be allowed to speak, and, after a conversation between judge and counsel, an arrangement was come to whereby the new-comer's evidence was taken on the conclusion of the cross-examination of the other witnesses.

The man, who seemed to be in a state of extreme destitution, had to be accommodated with a seat while making the following strange and utterly unexpected statement—

"My name is Willis; and he"—pointing to the prisoner—"knowed me on and off in Wickham village, beyond Alyngton woods, fifteen years ago. We was both poachers, that's how he comed to know me, and I wur a-settin' traps hard by Tiverton Common, on the night of August 16th, 18—. My missus wur down with low fever, that's why I wur out so fur, and hares and rabbits were plenty on the common. I knowed there wos a justices' meetin' up at Fairminster, and I hears a hoss a-coming, and lies down in the hedge, and peers through; for the night wasn't to say dark, and poachers has sharp eyes—they needs 'em allus. I felt a bit scared when I see a cove a-biding not far off, and I lies quiet and watches. The cove he gets up as the hoss comes nigher, still keeping in the shadder and a-lookin' out. Then he ups and begins a-boggin' in a whinin' sort o' way, and I sees it's Bill Preyer, the prisoner yonder."

"On your oath, witness, can you swear it was the prisoner?" thundered the counsel for the defence.

"I swears it!" was the sturdy answer. "And I hears the gent—for it wur our lord up at Alyngton hisself—I hears him say he couldn't encourage no lazy scamps such as Bill, and then all on a sudden Bill changes his tone, and sez he'll go to parson's lady, and she'll not be so hard on him when she's heard all he can tell o' his goin' on! I listens with all my ears to this, as ye may believe; but afore Bill had done speakin' my lord he was off his hoss and striking at Bill with his whip; and they cuts deep do those small ridin'-whips. Then there wur an oath and a heavy blow, and the hoss gallops away, and Bill throws a heavy crop he'd done the bizness with inter the hedge and makes off towards Combermere as fast as his legs all carry him."

A murmur, swelling well-nigh to a roar, here interrupted the witness, and it was some time before order could be restored, or the excitement of the people in any degree calmed.

As whispers of what had transpired within the court reached the crowd outside, the sound was taken up as if by one accord, and the police had the greatest difficulty in preventing other and more tumultuous demonstrations.

Meanwhile, silence having been restored, the examination proceeded.

"The prisoner, you say, made off towards Combermere? Did you follow him?"

"No," was the unhesitating reply, "I struck off across th' common, and goes home by Mitcham."

"Why did you not give information to the police of the foul deed you had witnessed?" sternly demanded the counsel for the Crown.

"If I'd gone a-nigh the body, or give the alarm," said the miserable wretch hoarsely, "they'd a-said I'd done the murder meself. Nor, I wur too cunnin' fur that, I wur."

The summing-up of the judge was conclusive but exhaustive, and at half-past four, on the short winter day, the jury retired to consider their verdict.

At ten times to five they returned, and the prisoner was again placed at the bar, clutching the rail with his gaunt fingers, and striving to steady his shaking limbs as he faced the judge.

Then the clerk of the court inquired solemnly—

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed on your verdict?"

The answer came with awful distinctness—"We are agreed."

"Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

There was a deep silence in the court for a moment and then those inside, listening with breathless interest, heard the terrible answer—

"Guilty!"

The next thing they heard was the heavy fall of some one who had fainted, not the prisoner but another, who had borne the odium of his guilt for fifteen long years, and then the vast multitude, determined to expiate their cruel doubt and wrong, sent up cheer after cheer, there being also a great cry for the aged Rector, and shouts of "Worcester for ever!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was an anxious group that was assembled in the judge's private room, where Dolly's father had been carried, with the faithful Floyd and Doctor Ramsden in attendance.

The fainting-fit was long and obstinate, and the kindly physician shook his head and looked grave as remedy after remedy was tried in vain.

"These attacks are serious, my lord," he said, turning to the judge, who had drawn near, anxious and disturbed; "and it will be necessary to have the crowd dispersed before we attempt to remove Mr. Worcester to his carriage."

"The crowd shall be dispersed as soon as possible," said the judge kindly, and, having issued orders to that effect, he added, "I will also take the liberty of exchanging carriages with Mr. Worcester, to avoid the possibility of any exciting ovation."

Then, seeing that the aged clergyman was reviving, he shook hands cordially with Doctor Ramsden, and shortly afterwards drove away, having taken the Rector's coachman into his confidence.

It was nearly an hour later; and the multitude which had lingered round the gates of the Court had gradually dispersed, when Dolly's father, leaning on his kind physician's arm, entered the carriage of the judge.

Lord Alyngton had waited only to hear that the Rector was recovering from his swoon, and then, throwing himself into the saddle, he had galloped off to Combermere Rectory, having advised Admiral Henley and several other gentlemen, who were to dine with the judge, to explain or apologise for his absence as best as they might.

At some little distance from the Rectory, Lord Alyngton caught sight of two slight figures, and his heart throbbed wildly as he sprang from his horse and eagerly approached, for one of them was Dolly herself, the other her faithful nurse.

Unable to rest at home, the girl had insisted on going forward to meet her father, for it was already long past the hour at which he had been expected to return from Fairminster, and at the sight of the solitary horseman her little hand had tightened its grasp on Margery's arm and her cheek had paled.

"Your father is returning in the judge's carriage," Lord Alyngton said to the girl, with anxious haste. "The excitement was

so intense when the verdict was pronounced that we feared a public demonstration, and determined to get him away quietly." Then, whispering low in Dolly's ear, he added tenderly, "Peace has come at last, my darling, never more to be broken, I trust, on this side of the grave;" and turning to Margery, who was quietly wiping the tears of joy from her eyes, he took her hand with a frank grace of his own and coaxed her back to smiles as if by magic, walking on to the Rectory as he did so, and breaking gently to Dolly her father's critical state.

The girl was pleased to hear that Doctor Ramsden was returning with him, and as she paused a moment at the Rectory gates, while Margery hurried to the house, she looked so fair and sweet that her brave young lover's heart for the first time failed and a curious feeling came over him as he remembered this would be the last time Dolly would depend on him alone for love and sympathy, and that a few short hours would see her surrounded by hosts of other friends, less true and tender, he knew, but all eager to atone for the past and ready to worship the lovely child he had chosen for himself in her desolation and abandonment.

Goaded by these unwelcome thoughts, he said, with the blunt directness of suppressed passion—

"You will be inundated with visitors tomorrow, and I shall come with the flood, but I don't suppose your father will see me."

Dolly's bright eyes clouded, and the old look of weary trouble came back into her wistful face. She thought of that other barrier between her father and the father of her lover that even death perhaps had not removed, and her heart quite failed her. She could only look up into Charlie's handsome face for hope and help, her sweet lips quivering and the tears ready to fall.

At that look, so appealing, so utterly confiding, her lover's wrath melted.

"I'll risk it, my darling," he said with his old frank smile. "I will see him and plead my own cause, and I'll succeed, never fear! Why, Dolly, I could not live without you, and life is too sweet to give up without a struggle!"

The following day brought, as Lord Alyngton had foreseen, every living creature of note within twenty miles of Combermere to the Rectory. The reply to nearly all was the same—

"The Rector is too ill to see any one, and Miss Worcester is engaged with him."

To Lady Glendower Floyd delivered the message with a combination of dignity and indifference.

"Surely," said her ladyship, "he would see me for the sake of old times!"

"I think, my lady," said the faithful old servant, "times are changed now, and it's the Rector's turn to forget and forgive."

Old Lady Glendower was nonplussed. She placed two cards in the butler's hand and entered her carriage in silence, the stiff inflexible figure of Floyd at the Rectory door being the last thing she saw as her stately old-fashioned equipage drove slowly out from the gates of the Rectory, on which she had uncharitably turned her back for so many years.

Quite a pile of cards lay in the long-deserted drawing-room at Combermere, and Dolly, turning them over with proud indifference, knew that the time for slights and coldness had passed away for ever, and that her father was once more to be a man whom every one delighted to honor.

"Is this the 'evening-time?'" said the girl sadly to herself. "And is this the 'light' that was to come?"

* * * * * *

In the Rector's study a low couch was drawn near the fire, and from time to time, Floyd flitted in and out to answer any stray questions his master might ask, and to receive directions as to one or two exceptional visitors.

Dolly, writing from her father's dictation, raised loving anxious eyes to the worn sad face, her heart beating and her fair cheek turning pale at every ring announcing another visitor.

At length Floyd entered with hesitating footsteps, and, as the Rector held out his feeble hand for the cards, the old butler faltered out that Admiral Henley and another gentleman were awaiting.

A deep silence followed, neither Dolly nor the faithful servant daring to look towards the couch, for Lord Alyngton's card lay beside the Admiral's on the tiny silver waiter, which Floyd had put down as if it stung him.

"Show them in here," said the Rector in a changed and troubled voice, raising himself from the couch and standing, a fine but mournful figure, bowed down from its former majestic height, with snowy hair and dark sunken eyes.

The Admiral entered, bluff and hearty, but the eyes of the aged clergyman passed him by and sought the young man beyond.

"Charlie!" he exclaimed in a low gasping voice; and for a moment they feared the shock had been too great, for Dolly's lover was the image of his murdered father.

Recovering himself by a strong effort, however, he took Lord Alyngton's hand.

"The thanks of an old man," he said, "are like blessings. May they be such to you. My child," he added, turning to Dolly, "this is the son of an old friend; thank him for all that I hear he has done in our behalf."

And the girl, her cheeks now pale, now red, in the intensity of her emotion, felt her cold hand taken in her lover's strong protecting clasp, and was at rest.

* * * * * *

The crowded congregation which assembled in Combermere Church on the Sunday after the conviction of Bill Preyer for the murder of Lord Alyngton were told by a strange clergyman—their own Rector being unable to leave his couch—that on the following Sunday, if his strength was sufficiently restored, Mr. Worcester would publicly thank his people for their sympathy during the past week before he took his leave of them for a long period, a change having been peremptorily ordered by his physician.

The anxious and repentant congregation listened in breathless silence, and left the sacred building, at the conclusion of the service, with hushed and lingering steps, as if some one they loved lay dead within.

One man alone spoke his mind, and that was young Tom Farrar.

"Mates," he said, as he stood by the churchyard gate, watching the villagers depart, "you've come round our Rector like bees now the law's cleared him afore the world; but what think ye of the fifteen years ye've left him in his trouble? He's a-goin' to leave ye now!" And sorrowfully and silently the true-hearted young fellow went his way towards the wintry woods.

* * * * * *

Two visitors only were constantly at the Rectory—Admiral Henley and Charles, Lord Alyngton.

Had a beloved son been restored to him from the grave, the aged clergyman could scarcely have clung more closely to him than he did to Charlie; and sometimes his eyes rested wistfully on his own fair child as if he thought of something that might have been, but for a sad and sorrowful past, the shadow of which still clouded her bright young life.

But, as the eventful week wore on, he began to see, with the clearer vision of those drawing near the border-land, something of the hearts of these two who were so faithful and loving, and Charlie, waxing bold as he realized this, spoke out, like the brave true fellow he was, of the love that had sprung up in his heart for Dolly. He spoke as a son would speak to a beloved father, and the Rector listened, moved to the very centre of his being.

"And my unjust suspicions of your father?" he said in a voice unsteady from emotion. "We parted in anger, you have heard, and, but for the mercy of Heaven, my hand might have dealt the fatal blow in my deadly and ungovernable passion."

Charlie however would not hear another word.

"Let the past be forgotten as if it had never been!" he said impetuously. "Only give me Dolly, and ask Heaven to bless our future!"

And it was even so. Kneeling by her father's side, her soft cheek laid fondly on his hand, and a bright light shining in her eyes, Dolly knew that the shadow on her life had passed away for ever; and, as her lover lifted her to his faithful breast, her little heart found its true resting-place.

* * * * * *

The morning of the following Sunday dawned bright, and clear. Hoary frost sparkled on every leaf and blade of grass, and the winter sun gave each tiny crystal the appearance of a priceless gem.

But within the Rectory things did not seem so bright.

"He is not fit for it," said Lord Alyngton to Dolly. "Is there no way to keep him from church to day?"

"None," said the girl sadly, tears trembling in her anxious eyes. "Admiral Henley has been with us already, but my father says it would hurt him far more to remain here, fretting as he would fret, than to speak to the people; and, indeed, I think it would."

"Well, dearest, we must get him away as soon as we can; and you know what that means—our immediate marriage, my darling. Heaven bless your father for consenting to it!"

Dolly looked up into her lover's face, but her cheeks did not flush, and her eyes were dim with tears. The fear for her father overmastered her utterly.

The old church at Combermere looked its brightest and best this holy Christmas-tide. It had been decorated by the whole parish, not only for the high festival, but in remembrance of the peace which had at last come to their pastor, of which he was to "speak to the people" on this day.

Carriages thronged the road, and every available space was filled, the aisles, up to the altar steps, being crowded with people from all the neighboring parishes. When the procession filed out of the vestry, it was with a thrill of surprise that every one saw the Bishop of the diocese—the very man who had advised Mr. Worcester to resign his living—bringing up the rear, preceded by many of the cathedral chapter at Fairminster; and, as the service proceeded, the expectation of the people reached its utmost pitch.

As the strains of the hymn before the sermon died away a deep silence fell upon those assembled, and a tall bowed figure feebly ascended the pulpit steps, and faced the multitude of upturned faces. Was that their Rector—that aged man, bent, as if by the weight of countless years, and with hair white as the winter snow? And was this their work—their cruel work of fifteen years' neglect and doubt?

Many in the church had not seen the Rector for years, some for months, and none since the trial; and something very like a sob broke from the repentant throng, as they gazed heart-stricken on the man they had so cruelly injured. Then light came to the dark sunken eyes, and a hue of life to the faded cheeks; and, raising a hand as if in benediction, the aged Rector gave out his chosen text—"The Lord will give His people the blessing of peace."

In every part of the church the thrilling words were heard, and then all was still. Whether the overburdened brain had failed in that moment of overmastering emotion, or whether words had surged up too rapidly from the generous, laboring heart, none could tell; but with one long quivering sigh the aged clergyman swayed and fell, and, when they raised him with tender, reverent hands, they found his brave spirit had gone home.

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It was soon known that Lady Mary Cray, an aunt of Lord Alyngton's, had arrived at the Rectory, and was staying with Dolly during the sorrowful time that elapsed, before her father's funeral.

Such a funeral had never been seen before, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Combermere. Those who had not hesitated to doubt and grieve him in life now hastened to do all honor to the deceased Rector, who had aged more from grief than years; for on the massive coffin, with its large plain cross, the inscription only bore the date—sixty-one years.

As they could not lay him with the wife whom he had loved all too well, he was interred in the chancel, where afterwards a memorial window was placed, with the Beatitudes emblazoned thereon, and the divine words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," above his resting-place.

It was also soon known that a very quiet wedding would shortly take place in Combermere church, by the late Rector's written desire, penned under a strong foreshadowing of his coming end, and that the bride and bridegroom would depart for a long stay abroad.

It was not until another Christmas approached that the bells of Alyngton rang out to welcome its returning lord, and then a great gathering of rich and poor welcomed Dolly and her husband back to their stately home.

Hand in hand they stood on the terrace, where the moonlight fell bright and clear, listening to the midnight chimes; and Dolly, as memories of the past rushed to her mind, hid her face on her young husband's breast.

"I know what you are thinking of," he whispered tenderly. "But, my darling, he is at peace, and will not you, his precious gift to me, be at peace too? Dolly, my darling, are you not content in love? Will you not be happy this Christmas Eve?"

And Dolly raised her fair face from its resting-place, and her husband read his answer in her loving eyes.

THE END.

THE Queen Regent of Spain smokes at least twelve cigarettes a day.

For Better, For Worse.

BY T. W. H.

ABOUT three years ago I was one day sauntering in Fitzroy-square, and stepped in at Signor Fernando's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady in crayons, and after our first cordial greeting he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide-open eyes.

"Fernando," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright particular star, and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Bertha Anstiss. She is Bernard Cope's heiress."

And you are——"

"I am a poor artist. I make about £700 a year."

He dropped his head, and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Fernando was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale violet and cream color were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless sorrowless child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's, a pale golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder, when I saw the girl, that the artist should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Bertha's shy glances at the handsome artist, and her bright responsive blushes whenever Fernando's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that she was just as much in love as he was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Anstiss's house, but, beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed, and the summer sent one hither and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Anstiss and Bertha to Matlock; and being in town for a day in July, I found that Fernando also had gone away. Under such circumstances, many pleasant friendships are dropped and never gathered together again; and I was almost in this danger with regard to the artist and the Anstiss's. The fact was, I was going to be married, and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a shop, balancing a certain point about silks in my mind, a gentle hand touched me, and a pleasant voice said "Good morning," as frankly and quietly as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Anstiss; yes, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had dropped away from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says, "I dress for love, and not alone for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving some directions to the coachman and approached us. Mrs. Anstiss introduced him to me as "My husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to call on them, she passed down the steps into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Anstiss before; and his grave sad face haunted me

so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests awhile, and tried to remember when and were I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Fernando's studio; but that, I soon concluded, was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged wretched-looking models, I had never met any men there.

I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Anstiss. It was a cold wet day, but Bertha and Fernando were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlor, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Anstiss in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber luxuriously furnished, and she met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and, as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good Souchong and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day or of the cosy room or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation, and from one topic to another we fell gradually into those predisposing to personal matters.

As the twilight deepened we became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was scarcely astonished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said—

"I was born in Cambridge, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died when I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Bernard Cope. He was much older than I was, and with loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me.

"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection, until I met and loved Arthur Anstiss. You see how handsome he is even yet; judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character; and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret.

"For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to Heaven and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him even to his own high ideal.

"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Arthur's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraint: quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly; and then, alas! quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them: He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some compliment, or gave it pettishly when pettishly reminded of the omission; he neglected some slight commission—such trifles as these were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, my dear! but they opened a wide door for far worse ones. By and by he began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks, without any ceremony but the bare intimation of his intentions. I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered, when too late, how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty, bright girl. Arthur was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for neglect. But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regret for the ones he had wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So, Arthur, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations.

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. When this took place there was a bitter quarrel. My inheritance had been left in Bernard's absolute direction and disposal, and Arthur began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went farther: I passed my brother on the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him.

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Arthur said we must go to London.

"Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband, but, thought I promised much and he promised much, I could not subdue myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love.

"We left Cambridge clandestinely; no friend wished us 'Godspeed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had soon evaporated; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable empty room which was now the flotsam of a wrecked life.

"I did not lack the energy and the ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard, if I would trust him once more.

"I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him.

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night, a note was brought me. It was Arthur's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for of our mistaken life, and, for the rest, he hoped I would go back to my brother Bernard, to whom, he said, he had written in my behalf.

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from one long faint into another; and in the midst of my anguish Bertha came wailing into the world.

"For a long time I was quite dependent on the pity and charity of my poor neighbors; and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn; for my brother had been written to over and over, and no answer or help sent in response; and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource.

"After many weary days I found a position as under music-teacher in a third rate school. I only a got a bare pittance for six hours' labor a day, and had to give that up when little Arthur and Alice took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Bertha was long ill. In all those long hours, when I stood thinking and watching between two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned back from my children's graves into the world again, I trust I turned back a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit.

"One spring night I was taking Bertha for a walk up Regent-street, in order to let her see the bright lights and gay shop windows. Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out—

"'Alice! Alice!'

"It was my brother Bernard. He had come to London immediately on receiving Arthur's last letter; but Arthur had forgotten to put my address in it. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Cambridge, sought me there, and failing also, had come back to London.

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I valued these blessings now at their true worth. Bernard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. In whatever wild land hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him; but in vain.

"So Bertha grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On her seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent us to Signor Fernando's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on an historical painting; but as we entered, dismissed his model and put aside his brushes.

"The model took his hat sadly up, bowed to Bertha, and advanced towards the door. As he passed us, he glanced at Bertha, and, being detected, made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough—I knew him. With a rapid movement, I placed myself before the door, and, stretching out my arms, cried out passionately—

"'Arthur! dear Arthur, forgive me!'

"Fernando, with delicate divination and tact, withdrew Bertha to an inner painting-room; and there, and so, we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered also?"

"Who can tell how much? He had been in Australia; he had been rich and become poor; he had gained much and lost everything; he had been in captivity to savages and been shipwrecked; he had known the extremes of poverty and sickness. When I found him he was earning a scanty living as a painter's model, or in any of those ways which the humblest poverty alone discovers."

"And now you are happy?"

"Yes, indeed! Heaven has given me the opportunity I have been praying long for. Yet, remember, because of my foolishness, I have begun to be happy twenty years too late."

"About Bertha?"

"She knows all."

"Are you pleased with her choice?"

"Fernando has given me back my husband. I may well give him in return my daughter. I am content.

"And now, my dear, I have told you my story, because I heard you are going to marry, and I feared perhaps you did not consider how holy and solemn a state it is."

I kissed her tenderly and went silently home. Henceforward I had higher thoughts about marriage than such as centred in upholstery and millinary matters.

PARLOR JUGGLING FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Magic Stick.—To do this trick properly you will need a pearl-handled knife, and a stout, hard wood stick, some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick, and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to your astonishment, you will find it impossible to do.

The Flying Hen.—Select a large, well-fed-hen—the color is immaterial, though black is best—and place her in a sitting position on some smooth surface. Then over her place a pasteboard box, eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly upon the top of the box with a bone-handled table-knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

The Nail Trick.—Take two large wrought iron nails, and wire them together in the form of a cross. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this.

The Cable.—Take a piece of tarred cable about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully in two with a sharp knife, and then try to chew the ends together. You can try as long as you like.

The Magic Eggs.—Put two fresh eggs carefully in a green worsted bag. Swing the bag rapidly about your head, hitting it each time against the door post. Then ask the company if they will have them boiled, poached, or fried. It will make no difference which they choose.

The Four Jacks.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four Jacks and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now shuffle the cards quickly, and holding them in the left hand, give them a sharp rap with the knuckles of the right. Then place them on the table with the face down, and defy the company to find the Jacks. They can't do it.

Mr. John Johnson, who became suddenly rich, was desirous to be known as of a literary turn of mind, and to that end proceeded to lay in a library. One of his purchases was an old dictionary, which, being somewhat out of repair, was sent to the binder's. When it was returned to the purchaser he found printed on its back the words "Johnson's Dictionary." The slight threw him into a furious passion, and he demanded of the messenger, "Why didn't he put the full name on, "John Johnson's Dictionary?"

It is estimated there are 6000 postmistresses in this country.

Bric-a-Brac.

Getting up.—A horse gets up fore parts first, a cow hind parts first, because the strength for the second movement of rising is posterior in the horse, but anterior in the cow.

In Madrid.—Many of the houses in Madrid have a long palm branch twisted along the railings of one of the upper balconies. This was blessed in the churches at Palm Sunday, and is kept until another is substituted in the following year.

Flowers for the Condemned.—In the old days, when felons were carried to execution at Newgate, it was the custom of the clergy of St. Sepulchre's, situated at the foot of Holborn Viaduct, to wait for the arrival of the unfortunate criminals and present them with a flower.

Echoes.—In a cave in the Pantheon the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a twelve-pound cannon. In the cave of Smolin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.

The Oldest Town in the World.—Damascus, with very good reason, claims to be the oldest town or city in the world. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. It is first mentioned in Scripture in connection with Abraham, whose steward was a native of that place (Genesis xv. 2).

No Deformed Chinamen.—"Did you ever see a deformed or crippled Chinaman?" asked one man of another. There was a negative reply, and the questioner continued: "I don't think you ever will. If a Chinese child is born deformed it is made away with as soon as possible. Just how the babe is killed I do not know, but it is never permitted to live. You may travel all over the world and never see a crippled Chinaman. When an accident befalls one of them he is made away with too. This is a part of their religion, and they adhere to it closely."

Animals and Their Toilets.—Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage.

How an Apple Got its Name.—Most folk like ribston pippins, but few know the origin of this funny-looking name. Long ago Sir Henry Goodriche, so the story runs, had three apple pips sent to him from Rouen in France. It may be supposed that they were the seeds of a very fine kind of apple, for Sir Henry took the trouble to plant them in the garden of his house at Ribston in Yorkshire. Two of the pips died, but from the third were derived all the Ribston apple-trees in England. The fruit was called Ribston, from its English birth-place, and pippin, from the original pip that was sent over from Normandy.

The Monkey and the Pie.—An Indian fakir had a monkey that he had brought up from babyhood. The pair were fast friends, the monkey being a faithful attendant on his master, and as good as a watch-dog. One day the fakir made a pie for dinner, and left it to cook on a charcoal fire while he went for a walk. As the cooking proceeded, the savory smell was too much for the rhesus. It raised the crust and tasted the chicken. Finding the food very tasty, it ate more and more, till nothing but the crust remained. Then it remembered its master, who would shortly come back hungry and ready to enjoy his meal. What was to be done? The sharp eyes of the monkey detected some crows not far away, so, without loss of time, it lay down on the ground as if dead. By-and-by a crow came along and pecked at the rhesus, which seized the bird in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped off the feathers, placed it in pieces in the dish, covered it over with the crust, and then contentedly awaited the return of the fakir, to whom the whole incident was afterwards related by a witness of it.

KING CHRISTMAS.

BY S. T. W.

Hail, season of gladness! dispelling all sadness,
King Christmas we'll hail with delight!
We'll crown him with laurel, and berries of coral,
And make him our hero to-night!
For we shall be jolly beneath the red holly,
And chain, too, our mistletoe's right!
A song to King Christmas, to merry King Christmas,
For he is our hero to-night!

Besides beef and turkeys, there plenty of work is
For those who enjoy Christmas fare;
Jokes, poultry, and laughter, and plum-pudding after,
So smoking, and fruity, and rare!
But while we remember our own loved December,
We'll aid those whose cupboards are bare.
Hurrah for King Christmas! a toast to King Christmas!
May all thus enjoy Christmas fare!

Our old friends amongst us, and lovers and youngsters,
Shall join us to keep Christmas sport;
We'll have brimming flagons, and blazing snapdragons,
And cobweb'd old sherry and port;
And something that's stronger for those who've lived longer;
Let each of them choose his own sort.
A health to King Christmas! to jolly King Christmas!
Who bids us keep up Christmas sport!

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED)

THE RECTOR'S wife laughed as she turned round to shake hands, and glanced at Hilda, as if expecting she would answer the question. But Mrs. Hayes had stooped down to tie Hubert's shoes, and seemed too engrossed with the little fellow's prattle to hear what was going on a yard behind her. So it was from Mrs. Burtenshaw that Hayes heard of his wife's desire.

"Yes; I had thought of that before," he replied. "There is such an air of quiet and seclusion about this old garden! When I am in those low-pitched rooms and the sun is shining down on these grass-plots and green alleys and arbors, I invariably want to walk straight out among them. I think I shall have a glass door put in each of the five rooms; and I will begin with the blue parlor, Hilda."

She thanked him quietly, and moved on along the raised pathway that led past the windows to the little garden door in the corner, where the old wing and the new building were joined.

"Hubert and I are going to find some bones for the dogs," she called back to Mrs. Burtenshaw; "we shall only be a few minutes. Come, Wastrel, Minnie, Tittums, Blossom—come along!"

But, though the dogs raised their heads at her call and wagged their tail in acknowledgment of her invitation, they pressed a little closer round their master's heels.

"Well, then, we must send for the bones and let them feast in the hall," she said to Hubert, noting the child's disappointment. "They are clever doggies, you see, darling; they know a good man at sight!"—a little piece of spite for which she felt ashamed when the child raised his bright eyes to hers in wondering inquiry, noticing something incomprehensible in her tone.

This was one of Mrs. Burtenshaw's leisure mornings, and there was not much difficulty in persuading her to stay to luncheon, although she laughingly declared that she felt she was an absolute interloper in breaking in thus upon their first day at home.

After luncheon Hilda would have liked to wander away again with the dogs across the park, right away from the main drive and possible visitors; but, when, on her way through the hall, she picked up her hat and gloves, Hayes ventured a gentle remonstrance, and she laid them down again without a word.

"There are sure to be callers," he said, "and some of them will have come a considerable distance. Don't you think you ought to give them a chance, just for the first day or two?"

"Ah, you will soon find out what it is to be a great lady, my dear Mrs. Hayes!" said the Rector's wife, with mock commiseration. "There are all sorts of restrictions and rules to be observed."

"Oh, we mean to go very much as we like, Mrs. Burtenshaw," observed the host, "when we are once settled down! Only let us get fairly started in the estimation of our neighbors, and the rest will follow naturally. Those who don't like our ways need not visit us. I should not like to think this little wife of mine was going to be a lifelong martyr to her duties to society!"

"It strikes me she won't be a martyr to anything while she has you to look after her," responded the cheery little woman, looking back at them with an approving smile as they stood side by side in the open doorway. They made an ideal couple, she thought, he so tall and strong, she so fair and dainty.

But they did not remain side by side after she had gone out of sight, down the grass-walk behind the yew hedge. Hayes moved out at once into the sunshine and faced his wife from a little distance.

"Hilda," he said, as she would have gone into the house again, "I want you to do something that I know you won't like; and yet I think you must do it for your own sake."

She stood still, toying with the fingers of her gloves, as she waited for him to go on.

"It is about your manner to me before people," he continued; and a vivid flush suffused her face, from what cause he was unable to divine. "I have not been unreasonable in my demands, I think, during the time we have been alone together; I have tried my best not to be more obnoxious than circumstances necessitated. You will admit that, I hope?"

"Yes," she said, in the tone of quiet resignation she generally assumed when speaking to him—"yes, I admit that; I do not complain of your manner."

"Thank you! Things are going to be different now, though. For the next two weeks—no longer, I should think—we shall have to go through the ordeal of being seen occasionally in each other's company—as we have been just now, for instance—and something more will be needed from you than silent toleration of my presence. Do you know that you never once addressed me personally during Mrs. Burtenshaw's visit?"

She flushed again and looked at him half inquiringly, half angrily.

"Will you tell me what it is you wish me to do?"

"I want you to try to make your aversion a little less apparent, if possible—only in society, you understand. I make no demand of a personal nature upon you. I am anxious on your account that people shall know as little as possible of our unhappiness. If you could manage to address a trivial remark to me now and again, and if, when I speak to you, you would reply, instead of merely signifying that you hear me, it might help us along a little."

"I will try. I am sorry if I have seemed rude."

Such an odd desolate smile relaxed his stern lips at her naive apology that for a moment she felt as if she had been guilty of some cross cruelty. But his next request drove the passing thought away.

"There is one more suggestion I should like to make. You know how utterly out of date it is nowadays for a wife to address her husband by his surname; do you think you could contrive to call me by my Christian name when we are posing for the gratification of our neighbors? There is nothing particular endearing or tender in the name of 'Pierrepoint,' if there were," he added, with a touch of grim humor, "I should perhaps have hesitated before venturing to make the request."

"It will be difficult," she said musingly—"very difficult indeed; but, since you wish it, I will try."

"No—not because I wish it," he cried hastily—"I should not think of making a request to you on such grounds—but because it will help to maintain appearances before our inquisitive neighbors. I shall not put the strain on you for long, Hilda. As soon as decency admits of it, I will go away for a few weeks and give you a rest. The constant burden of my presence is telling on you; you are looking pale and worn."

"I feel quite well, thank you."

"Well, you don't look it! Things won't be quite so bad now as they have been. Cruxwold is big enough for two people to play hide-and-seek in successfully, I should think; at any rate, it will be too big for you alone. Why not write to that nice little Miss Sugden, and ask her to come down for the last half of the month? I should feel happier about you if I knew I was leaving you in pleasant company."

"I should like it very much indeed," she said, almost warmly; "but——" She hesitated, and looked as if she found it difficult to say what she wished.

"Yes"—encouragingly—"is there anything else—any other plan you would like better?"

"No—not that. I only wanted to say ——" She stopped again in distressful embarrassment, and moved away a step or two as if she had given up the idea of putting her thought into words, and then, taking courage, she turned round and spoke quickly—"If I thought I was turning you out of your own house, it would be a great trouble to me. I beg that you won't go away simply because I am here. As you say, Cruxwold is a big place; we need not inconvenience each other—much. I should not like to think I had driven you away."

"You are very kind. I will remember what you say. But you will write to Miss Sugden all the same?"

"Yes. You know she is engaged to that Mr. Betterton who dined at Wilton Crescent one evening? May I ask him to spend some of his spare time here while Terry is with me? He is a busy man; it won't be often that——"

"Ask whom you like, whenever you like," he interrupted. "There is no need to go through the form of requesting my consent—understand that emphatically. Follow your own inclinations in all such matters as freely as if—as if you were already a widow."

She glanced up at him, startled by the quiet bitterness of his tone, and murmured some polite phrase of thanks as she moved away and went down the hall to ring for Mattie.

Her husband, leaning against the doorpost in the warm drowsy sunshine, watched the graceful girlish little form in its morning gown of pale pink cambric until the staircase hid her from sight.

"'I am sorry if I have seemed rude,'" he muttered, repeating her words; "'It will be very difficult, but, since you wish it, I will try;' 'We need not inconvenience each other—much'—with a meaning pause before 'much.' And this is what I must content myself with in the place of perfect confidence and affection! The veriest stone in the place of bread which was ever offered to a hungry heart! Will it ever be different, I wonder? Surely patience and forbearance must produce some impression in time—so long, that is, as there is no one else in the case before me! Poor little sad-eyed darling! Poor ill-treated child!"

And then he went off and found out the address of the leading builder in Canterbury, and sent him a telegram with instructions for beginning the new window in the blue parlor the next morning.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BURTENSHAW was, on the whole, considerably mystified by all she saw and heard at Cruxwold.

"When Mrs. Hayes first came to meet me," she said to her husband, in describing her visit, "looking just a little embarrassed, I made up my mind on the spot that she was a winsome simple-hearted child; but, when the excitement and surprise of the first greeting was over, I found out my mistake. She was quite amiable and polite, but not in the least impulsive or childlike—in fact, I thought her manners too severe for her age."

"Takes after her mother perhaps," remarked the Rector. "She is one of your hard unyielding women, I believe."

But this description did not seem to satisfy Mrs. Burtenshaw.

"No—I don't believe she is unyielding or strong-minded, Philip; I can't explain it to you at all, unless it is intense, painful shyness. You know that does make people stiff in their manner sometimes."

"Yes; but you have such a gift for bringing out shy people, my dear—one could never be shy with you for long."

"Well, if it isn't shyness, I don't know what it can be."

"A naturally cold disposition perhaps."

"No, indeed! Whatever it is, it is not that. The one look she gave me when I told her about our troubles was enough to settle that question; she is full of sympathy and tenderness—that I am sure of. Another thing that impressed me was her distant manner to Mr. Hayes."

"Oh, that is nothing! If she is naturally of a shy disposition, she would not be likely to make any demonstration of affection before the people."

"No—I suppose not," answered Mrs. Burtenshaw doubtfully; and still dissatisfied, she dropped the subject.

When Hilda thought over her recent interview with her husband, she was not a little surprised that he had not suggested her mother as the most fitting companion for her in his absence. She preferred Terry Sugden's company; still she could not help thinking the omission on Pierrepoint's part was very extraordinary. She had reconciled herself to the use of her husband's stately Christian name; but she uttered it in a shy reluctant way which was a continual revelation to him, though perhaps a third person would not have detected anything.

The long window was fitted in the blue parlor as if by magic, it seemed to Hilda. It was finished in less than three days; and, in spite of her innate shrinking from her husband's society, she forced herself to pay a visit to the dragon parlor, to thank him for his prompt attention to her wishes.

The interview however could scarcely have been called a success. She would not accept the chair he offered, excusing herself on the ground that he was very busy; and he also remained standing, not venturing to show his pleasure at seeing her there, for fear she might think he attached too much importance to the trifling incident.

"It is nothing—nothing at all," he assured her, smiling at her timid attitude, with her hand on the door-handle. She stood close to one of the great porcelain dragon jars which gave the room its name, looking more fragile and childlike than ever by contrast with the hideous monster. "If I cannot make you really and truly happy, Hilda, I can at least see that your little desires are attended to. I wish you would let me do more for you in the way of more comfort."

"I am quite comfortable, thank you," she answered, and would have gone away at once; but he put a question, merely for the pleasure of keeping her there a moment or two longer.

"Have you written to Miss Sugden?"

"Oh, yes! I heard from her this morning; she will be down on the fourteenth."

"I am glad of that. Then I shall leave you this day week, the eleventh, and have a week among the grouse. You shall play chatelaine for your friend alone. Mind you do not get lonely while I am away; and you must not let Miss Sugden feel dull. You must get some people over for tennis and tea; the court will be finished by the time she arrives."

"Terry is not difficult to entertain," she said. "We shall get along beautifully, thank you!" And this time she succeeded in getting out of the room before he could think of another question to detain her.

It was astonishing how well they contrived to pass their days without seeing much of each other. They did not meet until luncheon-time, and then not again until five minutes before the dinner-gong sounded. After dinner, Hayes would saunter through the drawing-rooms to the one especially favored by his wife in time to take a cup of coffee from the servant, and he would lean by the open window in the soft air of the summer evening or stroll noiselessly up and down on the walk outside until the man had been in again to close the windows and take away the empty cups, after which he would take himself off with a quietly-spoken "Good night" to his wife, and see her no more again until the next day's luncheon.

And yet, in spite of this systematic avoidance of each other, when he was gone, Hilda missed him, and the many signs of his constant thought and care for her comfort, about which she had not troubled herself to think until they ceased.

During the previous fortnight she had always found a few loose blossoms, freshly gathered, in a china dish on her writing-table when she came down to the blue parlor of a morning. The most attractive of the magazines would also be lying there. Once there was a packet of very beautiful photographs, duplicates of some she had admired during their wanderings in Normandy.

At another time she was surprised by seeing a couple of huge Japanese umbrellas fixed up under the large beech-tree opposite to her new window, with a suite of wicker furniture, a hammock, lounges, chairs and table spread on a square of matting. Only two days before this very matter had been discussed between Mrs. Burtenshaw and herself, while Pierrepoint had appeared to be fully occupied in manufacturing a miniature stock-whip—"just like the ones they drive the bullocks with in Australia"—for Hubert.

"You shall have a hammock swung under the big beech," Mrs. Bartonshaw had said—"the sun never gets through there; it would be such a cool afternoon retreat!"

"It would certainly be cool," Hilda had answered; "but I have a horror of caterpillars and other insects dropping down my back from the tree. I should have tea out there sometimes but for that."

And now here was a garden parlor completely arranged for her!

On another morning a small piano in black oak and peacock-blue silk made its appearance in one of the corners of her room, and at another time there was a stand of exquisite ferns in the corridor window nearest to the door of the blue parlor.

During that fortnight they spent at Cruxwold together a day never passed without her husband's showing that he was thinking of her always, although he kept so studiously aloof from forcing himself upon her solitude. When he went away, these constant surprises ceased; and Hilda was very angry with herself when she found how much she missed them.

On the first morning after his departure, when she came down and found the previous day's flowers on her writing-table, she was rather surprised. But, when they were there again the next morning and she rang for them to be removed, the man excused himself by saying that the housekeeper had ordered him not to touch the writing-table, as she would see to that herself. Hilda guessed the truth in a moment. Mrs. Westedging was not likely to neglect a duty once taken up. The flowers had been put there by Pierrepoint, and the housekeeper knew it, and would not presume to remove them. Those daily posies had been selected by her husband. There was a hint of silent devotion about this matter of the flowers which touched her more than all his costly offerings. And yet how different Pierrepoint had seemed when he was bidding her "Good-bye!" She tried to reconcile the romance of this daily offering of flowers with the self-possession, almost indifference, of his farewell, and had to confess herself defeated.

"You are to make yourself as happy as you possibly can," he had said as he bade her "Good night." "I don't quite know when I shall be back, but that need make no difference to you. If I should come home unexpectedly and find a houseful of visitors, I will promise not to make myself unpleasant and to keep as much out of the way as I can. I want you to understand that you have entire control at Cruxwold, and perfect freedom of action always. I shall be gone before you are down in the morning," he went on, as she attempted to murmur her thanks, "so I will bid you farewell to-night."

He stopped when he had reached the door, and, unknown to her stood for a few seconds looking back at the picture she made in her low chair with the dogs at her feet; and, when he went on again, his eyes had a look in them like an unspoken "Good-bye."

During the following two days Hilda was quite alone, and, when Terry arrived, she welcomed her with delight. Now she hoped she would lose those haunting thoughts of Pierrepoint's loving attentions and her own cold-hearted ingratitude.

Terry was astonished to find her friend alone on her arrival; but she had sufficient tact to make no inconvenient remarks. She was sincerely sorry and very anxious, but meddling was at present out of the question. In the meantime, in her usual hearty fashion, she went into raptures over everything at Cruxwold.

"It is like having a fairy godmother, Hilda!" she declared, standing with clasped hands in the window of the blue parlor, and looking first out at the silent old-world garden slumbering in the sun, and then back at the charming room, so beautifully and so luxuriously comfortable. "Oh, my dear, dear little Madame Frigidity, how happy you ought to be!"

"Don't call me that, Terry!" exclaimed Hilda impulsively. "I wouldn't be frigid to you for all the world!"

"And you're not; you're just your own dear self—to me; but you aren't half enthusiastic enough over this lovely place, and especially over your own little corner in it. Hilda, I could not conceive anything more perfect in its way!"

"No—I admit it is very charming, Terry; but I have got over my raptures, you see."

Terry looked at her rather wistfully and introduced another subject.

"Jim showed me your nice letter to him. Has he answered it?"

"Yes; he is coming down next week—from Friday till Monday. He could not come before."

"My dearest, he is working himself to death to get enough money between now and Christmas to furnish a tiny villa and take me home to it. My mother is going to marry again, Hilda—don't talk to me about it, dear—it won't bear discussion—and Jim is afraid I sha'n't agree with a step-father. It would be funny to hear him talk about the odd jobs of literary work he picks up and slaves at if I were not so afraid of his making himself ill." The voice was Terry's sprightly voice, but the usually bright brown eyes were dim and anxious.

"Stay with me until your marriage, Terry," said Hilda, "then Mr. Betterton need not be in a hurry. There won't be a step-father here to fight with darling, and, oh, you would be such a comfort to me!"

Terry shook her head whimsically.

"The mother was already indignant with me for coming away for a fortnight. She is so occupied with her autumnal love-making that she has no time to spare for the children or the house. I had to promise to return at the end of the month before she would let me come at all."

"I hoped you would be able to stay over Christmas," rejoined Hilda.

But Terry laughed, and shook her head very decisively.

"I should to see myself quartered upon a newly-married couple for four or five months! I am too anxious to keep good friends with you to put our friendship to such a trying test as that."

Hilda made no answer beyond putting her arm round Terry's neck and kissing her several times.

During the next week there were times when Hilda felt so light-hearted that she forgot all about her husband's horrible secret; sometimes in the pleasant excitement of one or two impromptu tennis-parties and a picnic got up by Mrs. Bartonshaw, she even forgot for the moment that she was married. She had not heard directly from her husband during this time, though he had managed to let her hear of him by means of messages through the steward and head-gardener, who brought their orders to her for confirmation.

"Mr. Hayes has written about the new orchid-house, ma'am; he wants to know which site you would prefer for it—at the end of the long conservatory leading from the drawing-rooms, or on the south side of the quadrangle garden."

He also sent a local paper containing an account of the success of his party on the moors, in which he was credited with the second score. Beyond this she knew nothing of his intentions or movements, until Terry came across an announcement in one of the society papers which startled her in spite of her indifference. It ran as follows—

"Among other arrangements resulting from the gatherings of sportsmen on the moors this year, we hear of one between Mr. Hayes of Cruxwold, Kent, and Mr. Malcolm Watson—who has proved himself a good man and true during the past week with the Horsmanton moor party—for a winter expedition after big game in Equatorial Africa. It is their intention to be away for at least six months, starting almost immediately. Messrs. White of Piccadilly have already received the orders for the rifles and general equipment for the field."

Terry read this paragraph over twice to make sure she had made no mistake; then she passed the paper to Hilda, with a remark about the preceeding paragraph, and went over to the piano and began to play softly. She was quite certain Hilda knew nothing of this African expedition; but, if possible, she would save her the humiliation of confessing as much. In reading the first paragraph her eyes would certainly be caught by the familiar names in that below, and then she could do as she chose about speaking on the subject.

Terry went on playing steadily and quietly, and presently Hilda got up and walked out into the garden. In a small concave mirror over the piano Terry could see her waking round and round the small square lawn surrounding the great beech-tree, and her heart ached at the thought of the hidden troubles of these two people who ought to have been so happy.

With all her keenness, Miss Sudgen was not suspicious—she was not in the habit of judging people or their actions at their worst; but, in spite of her desire to think the best she could of everybody, she could not help feeling uncomfortable when, at the breakfast-table the next morning, Hilda read aloud a letter she had received by that post from Hugh Mackenzie.

He informed her that he had just concluded arrangements by which he would spend the first half of September at Sir. Malpas Tocstix's place, only a few miles from Cruxwold, and after that he was going to put up with a fellow in the Cavalry barracks at Canterbury for a week. He hinted that, if Mr. and Mrs. Hayes had got over their first attack of matrimonial felicity sufficiently by that time to tolerate the presence of a visitor, he would like to come and pay his tribute of admiration to the beauties of Cruxwold, of which he had heard so much.

It was all very nicely expressed; but Terry could not help suspecting that, but for that announcement of Pierrepoint Hayes' expedition to Africa, the request would never have been made.

"It is rather unfortunate that Pierrepoint will most likely be away again by that time," said Hilda, as she slowly folded up the letter; and, though Terry resolutely refrained from looking at her friend, she could tell by some subtle intonation of the voice that Hilda was faintly roused by the prospect of seeing Hugh again. "I really don't quite know what to do, Terry dearest. You say it is impossible for you to remain; and I suppose, though Hugh is my cousin, it would not do to receive him here alone."

It was a sorrowful little speech, and, ignorant as she was of the real circumstances, Miss Sugden felt for the moment that Mr. Hayes deserved almost any trouble that might befall him.

"If Mr. Hayes is really going to be away all the winter, he ought to make some definite arrangements about you before he goes. Why don't you have Lady Mildred to stay with you, Hilda? You could receive the whole country-side then."

But this suggestion was rejected with a prompt decision which rather astonished Terry.

"Don't deprive me of the one real advantage I have gained by my marriage," said Hilda; and, when Terry would have checked her with a gentle "Oh, hush!" she threw aside her reserve in a momentary outburst of desperation. "I mean it, Terry," she cried, in a tremulous agitation; "it is hateful and unnatural and wicked, but I mean it! I don't think I shall ever really forgive my mother for hurrying on my marriage as she did. I can't understand how she could be so cruel to me—her only child! It is awful to think that the very person who ought by right to have done her best for my happiness is the one who has blighted my whole life—that's the dreadful part of it—my whole life—a blight which there is no shaking off, no getting away from!"

Terry was too sorry and too surprised at the suddenness of the confession to know what to say; she gently pressed the trembling little hand lying on Hugh Mackenzie's letter, and the stormy grief in Hilda's eyes softened at the touch.

"Dear old Terry!" she whispered, then, after another pause, went on more tranquilly, "I will not have my mother here while I can prevent it. She would want to rule me again, as she did in the old days; and, considering the awful price I have paid for my emancipation, I think I have a right to enjoy it as well as I can."

"Then go to the other extreme," suggested Terry, who had at once decided that the poor lonely little wife must not be left to entertain her handsome heedless cousin alone; "have an absolute stranger to stay with you—advertise in some of the morning papers for a companion. You need not see much of her, you know," she went on quickly, seeing the look of displeasure on the dainty mobile face; "give her a bed-room and a sitting-room in the front part of the house, and let her understand that a great part of her time will be her own. She need not bore you if you manage carefully. Don't think for a moment of passing the autumn and winter in this house alone. Do have somebody whom you can call upon whenever you want a little society."

"Put like that, it does not sound so very objectionable," said Hilda thoughtfully. "How should I word the advertisement, Terry? I should have to get somebody to see the ladies who answered; I could not drag the poor things down here, and I certainly could not select one on hearsay."

"Come to the parlor and let us compose the advertisement at once," advised Terry; "you need not send it until you have made up your mind."

Terry having once started the project, Hilda grew first reconciled to and then enamored of it; and the end of it was that the advertisement was sent to the newspapers by that afternoon's post.

When the step was finally taken, Terry felt inexpressibly relieved. At any rate, she had done something to neutralise Hugh Mackenzie's influence for mischief. Yet, if she could have foreseen the complications which were to rise from this simple arrangement, she might have considered her self-gratulations decidedly premature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORRY, DRINK AND LUNACY.—It is no new thing to hear of the close connection between indulgence in alcohol and the development of insanity. Accordingly we feel no surprise at a statement that a large proportion of the cases of lunacy registered in Paris of late years are attributable to this form of excess.

Far more significant is his observation that drunkenness has increased very markedly in the French capital. This effect is, of course, due to a variety of causes. Among these one is of particular interest, from its bearing upon the neurotic aspect of the alcoholic dyscrasia.

It is the pressure and of worry overwork, probably combined, as usual in the like circumstances, with irregular feeding and want of sleep. Though felt by all classes of workers, an important characteristic of its action as a cause of alcoholism is its increasing influence among those who labor with their brains.

Artists, authors and especially journalists—a group of persons by no means usually given to excess—are enumerated as having succumbed to the subtle poison; and this result has, doubtless with truth, been attributed to the craving depression of mental fatigue.

It is not difficult, indeed, to trace a connection here, and we may accept it as a warning that forced labor is ever prone to become the natural parent of other and worse excesses. The best work, however hard, is always methodical enough to permit of timely rest and of regular nutrition, and the full recognition of this fact is a mere question of public utility which we hope to see more and more widely admitted in practice.

DO ROCKS GROW?—The question in the headline is often asked, and not infrequently by scholarly people, too. By way of a general answer to all such questioners, I would say that the best authorities have come to this conclusion: That rocks do not grow in the sense that plants do. They may increase in size by means of accretion, and that they may also undergo other changes. Old sea beds lifted up and exposed for ages become stratified beds of sandstone or limestone; volcanic ashes and lava strewn over hills and plains become tufa hard enough for building stone, and the pebbly shores of rivers and smaller streams may sometimes change into conglomerates.

The simple mineral, however, does grow, especially when it takes upon itself the form of a crystal. A sparkling prism of quartz increases from an atom to a monster crystal of varying length and size by what geologists know as a "process of addition and assimilation."

This process is wonderfully slow, but with a mathematical exactness that is a surprise to persons even "well up" in the science of geology. In one sense stones grow; in another they do not. The crystal may become longer and larger, but the boulder on the roadside will not increase a hair's breath in length or width in the next 10,000 years.

DECORATIONS IN BRAZIL.—Among other queer things that the stranger observes in Brazil are the vast numbers of decorations—stars and crosses, etc.—which appear to have been recklessly bestowed often upon boys of twelve and fourteen years old, who certainly can have done nothing to win such distinction.

There is a very large body of ex-officials in Rio, belonging to the decayed aristocracy, and most of them still sport on all possible occasions the court dresses and uniforms and decorations of a past regime. It is their small sons and grandsons whom one sees tricked out in tawdry silks and velvets, with stars and crosses and miniature crowns pinned on their jackets.

These decorations are as likely to have been obtained by purchase as by inheritance, for there used to be a custom in Brazil under which patents of nobility, with all its signs and emblems, could be bought for filthy lucre, and the rage for them was unbounded. The highest of all the decorations was the insignia of the "Order of Christ," and at one time people of nearly every degree appeared on holiday occasions with a "habito de Christo" on their attire.

Church dignitaries and civilians of high degree wore them also, and being handed down from generation to generation, they still appear, often with ludicrous inappropriateness.

AFTER ALL.

BY R. A. W.

She loves me now. She kneels beside my bed,
Her precious kisses bless my hands, my brow!
There is no shame for such a passion now,
For I am dead.

The blinds are drawn; a cross is at my head,
And through the window, just two inches raised,
There steals all sweets that ever birds have praised:
But I am dead.

My ills are all forgiven with faltering tone,
Love, where least looked for, finds some good to say,
And all are kind, as on a child's birthday
No faults are known.

With streaming eyes and piteous bent head
She comes too late. Not even that word is said,
I do not know; I do not wish I had,
Now I am dead.

A Domestic Dilemma.

BY D. VESSELIS.

"AND what we shall do, I don't know!" So my wife ended a catalogue of domestic grievances, the "head and front" of which was, that Jane, our household tyrant, had consummated a long career of offences by giving notice to leave exactly a month before Christmas Eve.

"And what we shall do, I don't know," repeated my wife. "Not a servant is to be had for love or money. None will take a place before Christmas, and your cousins are coming, you know, to spend their holidays with us. How am I to make them comfortable without a servant?"

"Write and put them off, Alice," said I.

"I don't like to do that," she said. "The poor girls have been looking forward to coming all the half-year, and it certainly is very dull for them at home. No, they must come, and we must do the best we can."

"When do they break up?" I asked.

"To-day, I believe," she replied; "but whether they come on here at once, or go home first, I don't know. I suppose we shall hear from them to-day or to-morrow. I am afraid they will find it a very stupid visit."

"Well," said I, "I must take them out as much as I can. It won't only be stealing a little time from the picture; and I dare say the holiday will do me as much good as it will them."

This was rather a sacrifice for a young artist like myself, who had just found a charming subject for a picture, and was setting to work on it with all the ardor of the first moments of inspiration. But never mind, thought I; the idea may be better worked out if I give it time to grow, as it were, in my mind, and in the meanwhile who knows what pretty little Christmas scenes I may not discover in my ramblings!

At this moment we heard the postman's knock, and the recreant Jane appeared with a smutty visage and two letters. One was for me, the other for Alice.

"Ah! it's from Kate," she exclaimed, breaking the seal, while I applied myself to the reading of my own missive.

Its contents were of a most astounding nature, and I was still engaged in deciphering the crabbed handwriting, when Alice made a second exclamation.

"Kate says they are coming the day before Christmas Eve. You must go to the seven o'clock train to meet them. From whom is your letter?"

"My dear," I replied, "it is a most remarkable thing, and very unfortunate under the present circumstances."

"Go on," said Alice, resignedly.

"This letter is from my Uncle James, volunteering to pay us a visit." (Alice gave a little scream of dismay). "Of course," said I, "we can't put him off. It's the first time he has ever offered to come to see us; in fact, it is the first notice he has taken of us since we were married."

"He here, and no servant!" murmured Alice, distractedly; "and his curry, and mulligatawny, and the other hot things! He won't get anything to eat here that he likes."

"Your mention of a servant reminds me that he has a black factotum, who is with him everywhere; in fact, is very shadow," said I. "Now, he'd be able to tell you his master's tastes. I hope he'll bring him."

"Good gracious, Edward! are you crazy?" she began; "I hope to goodness he won't!" when a cry was heard overhead. "That's baby!" she continued. "I must go and fetch him. Dear me! I hope your uncle has no objection to babies."

She ran up stairs, and presently returned with the young gentleman, who was quickly pacified when his breakfast was placed before him, and was speedily absorbed in making a hearty meal.

"Well, I shall go and answer the letter," said I, rising from the table. "I must say we shall be very happy to see him, and so indeed we shall 'baiting the circumstances,' as Paddy would say."

"An idea has just struck me," exclaimed Alice—"a most splendid idea. Mrs. Jones, the washerwoman, has a little girl about ten or twelve; now, she'd be better than nothing. I'll go there this morning, and get her to come and help."

"Truly a luminous thought. Well, good luck to your undertaking. I hope you may get her," said I; and I addressed myself to answering Uncle James' letter.

But alas for the fallacy of human hopes! When we met at the dinner table I asked Alice what success she had had. She tried to smile, but it was a very rueful attempt, as she replied—"Betsy Jones has the measles."

"And so vanisheth our last hope," said I. "We must do the best we can, unaided."

"I wouldn't mind so much about the girls," said Alice; "but your uncle is so particular. I know he is—all those old Indians are. And, of course, he has everything in first-rate order at home."

"Indeed he has," said I; "at least, so I have heard. Everything is done by clockwork. Every meal is punctual to the minute. He has a troop of servants besides the Indian, who manages everything relating to his master's comfort. Moreover, I understand that he is a most crochety old fellow, and fancies himself a great invalid."

"Well, I'm thankful that I do know something about cooking," said Alice; "and as to the Indian dishes, I must learn how to make them."

And truly I saw her busily engaged all the afternoon with her cookery-book—a venerable authority; and for supper that night, and for dinner and supper for several days, the result of her studies was apparent by the addition of Indian dishes to the ordinary meal. There is a little work published on the different ways (I think from one to two hundred) in which a rabbit may be cooked. How I pity the family of that worthy lady, the authoress! How she must have experimentalized on them during the time she was forming her recipes! However, I was not afflicted to an equal extent; though between the repasts I have named, I was frequently called upon to taste several compounds, and anxiously asked if I thought they were hot enough.

Uncle James was a rich old bachelor, who had returned from India only just before I had married, so that I had only seen him a few times. From his large house, his great wealth, and his numerous servants, he was a formidable visitor to a young couple beginning life very quietly and economically, in a small house, and with one servant. Judge then how, in such a dilemma as ours, we dreaded his arrival.

I went at the appointed time to the station, and met the girls. When we were seated round the tea-table, Alice said, "My dear girls, I really don't know how we shall be able to amuse you. I am afraid you will have a dull visit. Fancy our misfortunes! Our servant goes to-morrow, and I can't get another."

"Never mind," replied Kate; "I am sure we shall do capitally. I can always amuse myself wherever I go and whatever I do."

"But where is the baby, that we have not seen him yet?" inquired Fanny.

"Fast asleep, or you would have heard his voice long ago," replied Alice. "But my dear girl, do you know who is coming to spend Christmas with us?"

"Who, Alice?" said Kate. "The Pope, or the Lama of Thibet?"

"Chang or Anak, or the Emperor of China?" chimed in Fanny.

"Neither," said Alice. "What do you say to Uncle James?"

"Uncle James!" they exclaimed. "Do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it," said Alice; "and I shall have no servant."

"Why, what will you do?" said Kate.

"Be our own servant," replied Alice.

"Then I will help you," cried Fanny. "Do let me, Alice. I should like it so much!"

"And I will take care of baby," cried Fanny. "I am so fond of babies."

"What am I to do, ladies?" I inquired "you seem to be portioning out employments for every one."

"You shall amuse uncle, and walk out with him, and make yourself generally useful," they replied.

"I wonder what he will be like," said Fanny; "I have only seen him once. Whether he will be crusty, and choleric, and impatient, like the Indian in the 'Bengal Tiger,' or else one of the benevolent kind of old gentlemen."

"Let us hope the latter," said I.

"To-morrow I must decorate the house with holly," cried Kate. "I hope they will bring some to the door."

"There is a lot in the back kitchen," said Alice. "I have had no time to put it up yet."

"Then it shall be done the very first thing," said Fanny, "and you shall see my skill in decorations."

Next morning came a letter from my uncle to say he would be with us in the afternoon. I went again to the station. Out of the train stepped the colonel, without the black servant. As he had very little luggage, we quickly got into a cab, and were on our way home.

"What a cold winter it is!" said my uncle; "very bad for the poor, very. Have you any soup-kitchens here?"

I was astonished. This was the cross-grained, selfish old bachelor, the Indian hypochondriac; this bright-looking old gentleman, with the cheery voice and good-humored eyes, who kept on asking me questions about coal tickets, blanket funds, and other charities.

"Well, I conducted him into the house, and introduced him to Alice. Kate and Fanny he had seen before. Then I took him to his room, and told him that dinner would be ready as soon as he was. In the meantime Alice had put the dinner on the table, and, very becomingly dressed, was ready, when my uncle appeared, for him to take her to her place. All dinner time Uncle James talked most agreeably, and actually took notice of baby, who, tied in his high chair, sat at the table, and behaved admirably. After dinner the colonel returned to his room, and brought back with him a parcel. This parcel being untied, proved to contain a handsome Indian shawl, which he begged my wife to accept as a Christmas present. That evening we all, excepting Alice and baby, went to the theatre.

"Having once embarked in public entertainment," Uncle James declared next day, "I mean to continue in it." Therefore he determined to take us a complete round of pantomimes. But he was not satisfied with this species of amusement only. We must go to the Polytechnic and revel in ghost scenes; Madame Tussaud's latest additions required to be inspected, and in short, everything that was to be seen we were to see.

The girls declared that they had never spent such pleasant holidays, and really my uncle never seemed so happy as when he was taking them to some place of amusement. I was beginning to doubt the existence of the Indian, and believe the story of his being always at his master's elbow to be a myth, when one day the colonel spoke of him.

"Poor fellow," said he, "he was a fine man and a splendid soldier. Unluckily he met with a misfortune one day. A tiger sprang on him, and was carrying him off to the jungle, when a comrade, a most expert shot, contrived to fire at the animal and wounded him mortally, without wounding the man; but the poor fellow was so injured that he was never fit for service after. So I took him to wait on me—in short, to do any light work he might be capable of. He was a most grateful, attached creature; actually would not leave when I came to England, so I was obliged to bring him with me. He wanders about the house, doing just whatever he chooses. It pleases him to be considered my confidential servant; and he likes to wait on me as much as I will let him; but, dear me, I don't want waiting upon in such a climate as this."

The time of my uncle's and my cousins' visit drew near to an end all too swiftly. He had declared that he must go home on the same day as they did—that it was absolutely necessary. But it is my private opinion that the important business he referred to was duly seeing them safely over part of their journey as far as where a branch line took him to his own home.

The last evening came. We were sitting round the fire, with rather a melancholy feeling that it was the last, the end of our pleasant Christmas, when Uncle James took out from his pocket three parcels. One of them he handed to Kate, and another to Fanny; the third he kept in his hand.

"A little present, my dear," said he, "from an old man, who likes to see young folks happy."

"A thousand thanks, dear uncle!" said they. "How kind of you! How beautiful!"

Kate's present was a handsome brooch and pair of bracelets; Fanny's, a "lovely brooch"—this is Alice's expression—"with earrings to match."

"And now, as to this young man," continued Uncle James, turning to Alice, and placing his hand on baby's head, "I couldn't tell what to do. I knew nothing of children's wants and requirements. I had some indistinct ideas about coral, but whether it ought to be a necklace, or in any other form, was the difficulty; so I thought I could not go very far wrong in getting him what will be useful some day." Hereupon he opened a little box, and took out a gold watch and chain, which he hung round baby's neck. "Now mind, girls," he continued, turning to them, and not allowing himself to be thanked, "you spend your next holidays with me, remember. You other people who don't go to school I shall expect before; but as for you, I insist on your coming at midsummer."

"Thank you, uncle," cried the girls, "it will be so nice."

"You shall have ponies to ride out on if you like, and there are all my Indian curiosities for you to see. By-the-by," he said, suddenly turning to Alice, "I must compliment you on your Indian cookery. It really is excellent; better than anything I have had for a long time. You must have a very clever cook."

"Will you allow me to introduce you to her?" said I.

"Certainly," replied my uncle, rather puzzled. "She must be a most worthy woman. I wish my cook were as good."

"Behold her, then!" I said, putting my hand on Alice's shoulder.

"Bless me, you don't mean to say so!" exclaimed Uncle James, in surprise, as Alice laughed and blushed. "Then, madam, all I can say is that your cookery does you credit and me honor," and he bowed profoundly.

"The fact is, uncle, that we only keep one servant," said I.

"Very wise and prudent," nodded my uncle. "Go on."

"Our late domestic took it into her head to better herself, as she expressed it; and badly suited as we were before, in bettering herself she left us worse off, for we were unable to get any one to supply her place."

"And do you really mean to say that you have been without a servant all this time!" exclaimed Uncle James.

"Yes, not even a charwoman," laughed Alice.

"Nor Betsy Jones, who caught the measles," I added.

"Then I tell you what, my boy," said he, and he looked at me seriously, "I tell you what—I think you have married a wonderful woman. Why what a cook she is!" and he turned to look at Alice again.

"And this is my little housemaid," said Alice, placing her hand on Kate.

"And there sits the nurse," I added, glancing at Fanny.

"Well, I had no idea that I was staying in the same house with such clever people," said Uncle James. "But, my poor children, you must have been sadly overworked."

"Not I," smiled Alice, "with such skilful helpers."

"And I am sure I never had such fun in all my life," added Kate.

"Nor I," chimed in Fanny.

Our visitors departed next morning; and the afternoon of that same day Alice was fortunate enough to engage a servant.

We soon went to stay with Uncle James, whom we learned to admire and esteem more and more the longer we knew him.

To make a long story short, it seems that Uncle James, though so rich himself, and so profusely liberal in the arrangements of his household, was a great friend of economy in young people. In fact, it was quite a hobby of his. He had paid us that visit of Christmas, to see for himself how we lived. Pleased at the idea that we only kept one servant, which he thought must be the case from never having seen one about the house, he was perfectly charmed to know how Alice could manage in such an emergency as ours. He offered to educate our boy, who always spends part of his holidays with Uncle James, for, as he said, all he had would be his one day. It is a very trite saying, that great events spring from little causes; but it was exemplified in all this having arisen from our domestic dilemma.

A Duel on Tight-Rope.

BY A. T. S.

IN the early days of the last century, Fashion of Spain, by a turn of her capricious wheel, placed tight-rope walking and dancing on the summit of popularity. No spectacle was so sure to draw an appreciative audience as that of some cool-headed man or woman going through a variety of antics in mid-air, with nothing between life and death but a slender hempen strand.

The same spirit that urges the Spaniard of to-day to the bull-ring, where he knows that an awful tragedy may be enacted before his eyes at any moment, prompted his ancestors of nearly two hundred years ago to assemble in thousands, gazing spell-bound at a performance in which a single false step would probably mean a swift and terrible death to the performer.

For in those days nets formed no part of the paraphernalia of the tight-rope dancer. In Spain, at all events, the candidate for popular favor who attempted to give an exhibition of his skill upon a cord beneath which a net was stretched would have proved no attraction to the sight-seeing public. The more pronounced the danger of a performance, the larger and more enthusiastic the audience which it attracted.

And so when an Englishman who danced in more venturesome fashion upon the slender rope than any of his predecessors made his appearance in Madrid, he quickly became the rage. Everybody who wished to do the correct thing, and many more who were attracted by the daring that the new-comer displayed, flocked to see him go through his antics on the cord that stretched across the great hall which he had hired.

Silvester Andrews soon found himself in a fair way to becoming a wealthy man, for the Spanish audiences were generous, and besides paying high prices for admission to the hall, were in the habit of showering coins of all values upon the floor under the twinkling feet of the clever acrobat when he went through any more than usually daring evolutions.

Encouraged by the appreciation that was shown for his skill, Andrews introduced some novel feat almost every day, and the crowds flocked and flocked to see him, until it seemed that all Spain must have determined to watch him tempting Fate.

His little son, whose great ambition was to succeed his father when the time came for him to retire, used to fairly fill a gold-embroidered bag with the money that the delighted audience showered on the floor, and displayed his confidence in his father's steadiness by remaining beneath him all the time that he was going through his performance.

But, alas for poor Andrews! One day it was reported that another marvellous exponent of tight-rope walking had arrived in Madrid, and was prepared to do feats that would surpass anything accomplished by the clever Englighman.

Connoisseurs shook their heads.

"It is impossible," said they, "that any man can outdo the reckless Englishman," for this was the name that Andrews had earned in Madrid by his intrepid feats.

However, those who first witnessed the performance of the fresh candidate for popular favor were so enthusiastic about the merit of his programme that crowds began to flock to see him.

Those who had day after day made their way to the building in which Andrews displayed his skill began to desert him for the new attraction, and in a few days his rival, who was a Frenchman named Villotte, became as popular as Andrews had been in the zenith of his fame.

This man's speciality did not lie in prancing about on a rope; indeed he never lifted his feet from the cord, but slipped backwards and forwards with a sliding motion that was certainly not very graceful.

The dances and leaps with which Andrews attracted the attention of those who crowded to see him were replaced in the case of Villotte by feats of skill in which the hand took the place of the foot. In fact, the Frenchmen was a more than ordinarily skilled juggler, and the special feature of his entertainment was the clever way in which he manipulated knives and balls and weights of all kinds, while the only footing afforded him was the precarious one that he found upon the rope.

The cool manner in which he went through his tricks, as calmly and confidently as though he were standing on terra firma, roused the greatest enthusiasm in the crowds that flocked to see the novel spectacle.

It was considered little short of marvellous that the elaborate tricks and feats of skill which Villotte performed with such apparent ease could be accomplished by a man whose nerves and muscles were all the time being strained in the effort to keep his balance. The Frenchman's prowess was upon every one's tongue, and poor Andrews found his receipts reduced almost to the vanishing point.

One day a placard appeared upon the main entrance to the hall in which he performed, stating that, through indisposition, he was unable to display his powers.

"Aha!" said the wiseacres, "the reckless Englishman is tired of empty benches, and has taken himself off to his island, where no Frenchman, cleverer at his business than he, will disturb him."

But the wiseacres, as is often the case, were wrong in their surmises. Andrews had not left Madrid in disgust at the success his of rival. He was not the kind of man to run away, and he had made up his mind to find out what it was that rendered the new-comer more attractive than himself.

So that afternoon he made his way towards Villotte's hall, and paying for his admission with the rest of the crowd, sat down, and waited to see the feats that had turned the tide of popular favor from his doors.

Presently the Frenchman appeared from behind the curtain that hung to one end of the rope, and commenced to fling half a dozen golden balls in the bewildering circles that are so dear to jugglers. He had hardly begun his performance, when Andrews gave a start, and after gazing intently at his rival for a few moments, hurriedly left the building. He hastened away to his lodgings, dressed himself as rapidly as possible in the costume which he always wore on the tight-rope, and then ran back to the place where Villotte was still performing before his delighted audience.

Just as he re-entered the hall, the Frenchman had retired behind his curtain for a rest, and the spectators were gazing idly about them, and waiting for him to begin again.

This was the very opportunity that Andrews wanted. He had turned into the middle of the floor, and throwing off his cloak stood before the people in the crimson tights with which most of them were familiar.

In broken Spanish, he addressed them, saying that he had grown weary of waiting for patrons who never came, and had accordingly made up his mind to see the performer who had proved such a powerful counter attraction.

He went on to say that something which he had noticed since his arrival in the hall had led him to believe that if he could but place himself beside his rival, the onlookers would, on witnessing their respective feats, come to the conclusion that his was the more excellent performance of the two, and concluded by begging that they would lend their aid in persuading Villotte to allow him to match himself against the only tight-rope walker who had ever yet proved more attractive to the public than himself.

Naturally enough the audience were only too pleased at the prospect of obtaining double value for their money, and loudly vociferated their acquiescence in the contest that Andrews proposed. The Frenchman, however, was evidently not at all anxious to compete with his English antagonist.

He had emerged from behind his curtain as soon as Andrews had commenced to speak, and now, while the onlookers were shouting their approval of the course proposed by the latter, he shook his head vigorously in protest.

But Andrews' idea had taken far too firm a hold of the spectators' imagination for them to be willing to relinquish the treat to which they had begun to look forward, and yells of disgust filled the air when it was seen that Villotte was unwilling to fall in with the suggestion that had been laid before them.

The Frenchman was not slow in seeing how unpopular he was making himself by his refusal to compete with Andrews, and so with the best grace possible he signified his acquiescence in the latter's proposal.

The English acrobat promptly climbed up the ladder that led to the opposite end of the rope to that at which his antagonist was standing, and without further delay proceeded to exhibit the feats that had a short time before proved so popular. He had never done himself greater justice, and the more ardent supporters of Villotte were forced to admit that their protege would have to surpass himself if the verdict was to be given in his favor. After a final pirouette, Andrews retired to the little platform which was placed at the junction of the rope and the wall, and waited for his rival to show what he could do.

Villotte slid forward in his usual fashion, and after a few preliminary flourishes began to exhibit some difficult balancing feats. He had scarcely fairly started when Andrews, to his surprise of the audience, stepped along the rope, carrying in his hand two rapiers which his little son had just handed up to him while the spectators were engaged in watching Villotte. With a few hastily spoken words, which no one but the Frenchman heard, he handed one of the weapons to the astonished juggler; the latter, who had turned as white as a sheet, took the proffered rapier, and in another moment the two men were engaged in perhaps the most remarkable duel that ever was fought.

They lunged and parried with the utmost fury, and almost before the startled spectators had time to realize the extraordinary scence that was being enacted before them, Villotte, with a shriek, lost his balance and fell. For a second, every one in the vast hall was horror struck, but for a second only, for the downward course of the Frenchman was mysteriously checked and he hung head downwards from the quivering rope!

The solution of the mystery was not long postponed. In exultant tones Andrews shouted—

"See, good people, how you have been duped. This man is a swindler—a mere common juggler, who, by cunningly tying his feet to the rope, has made you believe that he can accomplished feats which are impossible to the genuine tight-rope walker. I saw through his artifice the moment he began his performance, and determined to expose him in the most humiliating way possible. Tell me whether this sneaking knave is to be awarded your patronage?"

With a united shout of "No!" the audience testified their approval of Villotte's conduct, and some of the more incensed were for leaving him to hang head downwards until further performances on the rope should be out of the question for him.

But more moderate counsels prevailed, and the crestfallen man was assisted down from his ignominious position.

The triumph of Andrews was complete. His rival left Madrid as soon as possible, and the winner of this unique duel once more found himself the principal attraction to the sight-seeing inhabitants of the Spanish capital.

CALM COURAGE.—What a furious man does, be it ever so daring, is not to be placed to the account of that true courage which is cool and calm, even when standing face to face with death. The serenity of true courage is illustrated by an anecdote told in "The Land of an African Sultan."

In 1888 the Sultan of Morocco was engaged in war with the tribe of the Beni M'Guild, which had revolted against his authority. Towards the end of the war, twenty-seven of the head men of the tribe were taken prisoners. Chained to one another, so as to form a long row, they were brought in front of the Sultan's camp. A soldier, standing by the first man in the row, asked—

"Will you acknowledge the Sultan, or die?"

"Die," answered the man, and his head was hacked off with a dagger.

The same question was asked of the next man, who answered it in the same way, and was also beheaded. Not a man wavered in his refusal to submit to the Sultan, not even the twenty-seventh; who had seen twenty-six men, several of whom were his brothers, brutally killed.

PROTECTED BY LAW.—A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law and cannot be seized for debt. There are three kinds of mantillas which, de rigieur, form the toilet of the Spanish lady. The first is composed of white blonde, used only on state occasions, birthdays, bull fights, and Easter Monday; the second is black blonde, trimmed with deep lace; and the third, for ordinary wear, is made of black silk trimmed with velvet.

Not many people stop to think about it, but the outside of a lemon is anything but clean. If you will look at it you will see some tiny black spots, like scales, all over it. These are the eggs of an insect, and if the lemon is not washed they are likely to become an ingredient in whatever dish the lemon is used for.

Scientific and Useful.

READY CORKSCREW.—A convenient substitute for a corkscrew, when the latter is not at hand, may be found in the use of a common screw, with an attached string to pull the cork.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—The nearest approach yet to perpetual motion is the discovery of a European clockmaker who has invented a clock that run for ten years without winding.

SQUARE HOLES.—The auger that bores a square hole consists of a screw auger in a square tube, the corners of which are sharpened from within, and as the auger advances cuts the round hole square.

GLASS MACHINERY.—A glass factory at Liverpool, Eng., has glass journal boxes for all of its machinery; a glass floor; glass shingles on the roof, and a smokestack 105 feet high built wholly of glass bricks each a foot square.

USE OF COPPER.—It has been suggested copper might fittingly be used in place of iron or steel for the building of ships. The prevention of the adherence of barnacles to a ship's bottom would result in a considerable saving in cleaning, fuel and time, while the copper plates, after years of service, would sell for high prices.

ELECTRICITY.—Tobias F. Hudson, a prisoner in the Maryland Penitentiary, lately applied for patents on the improved socket for incandescent lamps and an improved electric light stand. Although he has yet several years of his sentence to serve, he states that he would not sell his electrical inventions for his liberty and $5000 in cash.

GOOD GLUE.—A glue that will, it is said, resist the action of both hot and cold water, can be made by dissolving separately in ether free from alcohol, three ounces of gum shellac and one ounce of caoutchouc (India rubber), applying a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, mix the two solutions, and keep in a well-stoppered bottle. Pieces of wood, leather, or other substances joined with this glue will part at any other point than at the joint thus made.

Farm and Garden.

CLOVER.—Clover is a biennial, and lives only two years. Any attempt to hold clover on land without reseeding, after two years, will fail, unless the new clover is gained.

CLOVER.—Clover is rich in albuminoids, and for that reason it is the best food for cows, as it contains a larger proportion of the elements that compose milk than any other hay.

RYE.—Rye is seldom used as grain food for cows, as it nearly always contains more or less smut, which is liable to lead to abortion. It is not equal to oats, and the cattle will not eat it as readily as they will other grain.

TIGHT GUTTERS.—There should be tight gutters behind the stalls to conduct the liquids into some receptacle containing absorbant materials. It is economical to save the liquids, while less odor and greater thrift of the stock will prevail.

PHOSPHATES.—As new sources of phosphates have cheapened them there is nothing to prevent the farmer from using them liberally, as he will easily regain their cost in the crops next season. On heavy soils phosphates may be applied with advantage in the fall, and followed by another application in the spring. As free phosphoric acid nearly always reverts, by forming some kind of phosphate, when it is applied on the soil, it is not so liable to be carried down by rains as is the case with potash and nitrate of soda.

FRUIT AND DAIRY.—The difference in the methods of the fruit growers and dairymen are very noticeable. The first thing the fruit grower attends to is the variety. He desires the best and gives it manure. The dairyman buys his cows without regard to their breeding at all, especially if he sells off the dry cows and procures fresh ones. The consequence is that the fruit grower makes small farms pay, securing as much as possible to the acre, while the dairyman must incur the risk of using inferior stock and secure only small profits.

ONE DOLLAR EXTENDED NOW in purchasing a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, by those troubled with a slight Cough or Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, may save the expense of a doctor's bill. A neglected Cough often ends in Consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the wind-tubes, the usual symptoms of which are Sore Throat and a Pain in the Breast, frequently leads to Bronchitis. A day's delay may entail months of suffering. Better try at once Jayne's Expectorant, a standard remedy, whose curative properties have been tested and approved by thousands.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Merry Christmas.

It is again the pleasure of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, on this recurring anniversary of the great holiday festival of Christianity, to extend its best greetings to its friends, readers and subscribers. It is glad to see that so many of its old acquaintances are with it still, and only hopes that the season finds them as happy and as prosperous as the POST would wish them.

In looking over the year since we last had the pleasure of saying "Merry Christmas," the POST has tried its best to spread the spirit of the season throughout the twelvemonth. It has sought to bring a weekly budget of good lessons, of interesting reading, of sound advice and of innocent fun into the household of its friends, and it believes it has succeeded. It is the reflection of this earnest and well-meant effort that makes it feel now that its greeting will meet with a response just as hearty and as conscientious.

At the same time we take the opportunity of saying that all that has been best in the POST in the past will be retained in the coming year, and that best, wherever possible, added to and improved. So, again wishing all "A Merry Christmas," with abundance of spiritual and material blessings, let us hope that the POST, through the assistance of its present friends, may be able to say "Merry Christmas" to even a bigger circle of readers and subscribers in 1893.

THE desire of our nature to solve many problems requires immortality, and the many sorrows of this earth would be a shocking dissonance in the world if it were not to find its solution in a higher harmony—namely, in the purification and development of personal individuality. This and other considerations render immortality, from our point of view, a subjective certainty—a conviction of the heart.

ONE of the greatest miseries is a want of money. It is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand and to be without the means to satisfy it, to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you, to forfeit your credit, to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity, to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool, and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The sudden meeting of a creditor whom you have been trying to avoid for months and whom you imagined was many miles away shatters the nerves. There is but one remedy for such trouble—avoid debt.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer.

To read indiscriminately and heedlessly, as most men read newspapers, is a sheer waste of time. The purpose of reading is twofold—to acquire facts and to stimulate thought. You can do neither one nor the other without an intense concentration of the faculties. To imbed facts or words ineffaceably in the memory requires patient and unwavering attention, followed by repeated rehearsals of the information gained.

CHANGE from one kind of labor to another is refreshing; change from work to play is pleasant and healthful; change from action to perfect rest is agreeable and invigorating. All these changes, made at proper times and seasons, are conducive to health of mind and body. But we must be careful to vary the monotony of labor wisely. Dissipation is not recreation.

MANNERS are an art. Some are perfect, some commendable, some faulty; but there are none of no moment. How comes it that we have no precepts by which to teach them, or at least no rule whereby to judge them as we judge sculpture and music? A science of manners would be more important to the virtue and happiness of men than one would suppose.

THE basest thought possible concerning man is that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishest misunderstanding of him possible is that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.

THE liberty we obtain by being members of civilized society would be licentiousness if it allowed us to harm others, and slavery if it prevented us from benefiting ourselves. True liberty, therefore, allows each individual to do all the good he can to himself without injuring his neighbor.

MAN is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex. It is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbors.

THE follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings,—so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked.

A MAN who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pendant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.

EVERY one is interested, or may easily become so, in something outside his regular labor, even if it be something which bears upon it more or less directly. This may afford the best index to the reading which will both benefit and entertain him. At any rate, if he will begin with this, though it may spread out into various branches in time, it will give him a purpose and a continuity which will be of the utmost value to his life. Not the least important effect of this predetermined reading is the stimulus it gives to thought.

A COUNTRYMAN is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet; and a truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook; only let the meat be sweet and substantial.

A HARMLESS hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

BLINDED as they are to their true character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer, prepared, therefore, to welcome the flatterer from the outside, who only comes confirming the verdict of the flatterer within.

WHEN Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments he cried out, "How many things are here which I do not need!" And the same expression may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life.

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this—that every existence is an aim.

IT is a certain sign of an ill-heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self.

RELIGION prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition: nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them.

YOU think it is for want of judgment that he changes his opinion. Do you think it a proof that your scales are bad, because they vibrate with every additional weight that is added to either side?

THERE is something in meanness which excites a species of resentment that never subsides, and something in cruelty which stirs up the heart to the highest agony of human hatred.

NO villainy or flagitious action was ever yet committed but, upon a due inquiry into the cause of it, it will be found that a lie was first or last the principal engine to effect it.

IF we command our wealth we shall be rich and free; if our wealth command us, we are poor indeed. We are bought by the enemy with the treasure in our own coffers.

ALL the possible charities of life ought to be cultivated; and where we can neither be brethren nor friends, let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances.

BOOKS give the same turn to our thoughts that company does to our conversation, without loading our memories or making us even sensible of the change.

A MAN need to care for no more knowledge than to know himself, no more pleasure than to overcome himself, no more riches than to enjoy himself.

VIOLENT fires soon burn out themselves; small showers last long, but sudden storms are short; with eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN.—A book, piece of music, box of gloves, or handkerchiefs would all be suitable holiday presents under the circumstances.

E. C. C.—The ostrich was formerly called the camel-bird on account of its resemblance, in some respects, to the camel. The foot of the ostrich resembles that of a camel, and the former's powers of digestion assimilate it to the ruminating animal.

DORA.—As a general rule of etiquette persons can only become introduced to each other through the medium of some mutual friend. There are no other legitimate means. Ladies are especially debarred, by all the rules of propriety and decorum, from seeking introductions to gentlemen in any irregular way.

READER.—The lotus is a genus of leguminous plants, the name of which was applied to an Egyptian plant (the water-lily of the Nile). The lotus found in Northern Africa, the fruit of which is mildly sweet, was fabled by the ancients to make strangers who ate of it forget their native country, or lose all desire to return to it.

N. S.—It is impossible to fixed an exact date for the beginning of the institution of knighthood. The Roman equites, although called knights, did not correspond to the knight of the middle ages. Mediæval knighthood probably took its origin in France a little before the Norman invasion, and sprung into its full development during the Crusades.

JANET.—The young man undoubtedly wished to show his affection for you, and was too bashful to avow it. You should draw him out by exercising a little tact. He did not mean to offend you; on the contrary, he was probably impelled by his love for you. Your father can assist you by asking the young man's intentions, and if he is able to marry and support you.

L. J.—There, is perhaps, no surer sign of folly and egotism than a constant carping at small faults peculiar to those we love. Human nature is very far from perfect; as the finest china may have a flaw in it. You are too fidgety and exacting, and if you persevere in what you call "wholesale surveillance," you will only estrange those whom you profess to love and esteem.

S. F. L.—The word metre is the French measure, and, in the metric system devised by the French Academy commission for a common standard of weights and measures, is equivalent to 1,093 American yards—a yard and nine one-hundredths of a yard. The metric system is the simplest and most perfect ever devised—the very name of the weight or measure indicating its value.

J. J. M.—An embargo is an order from the government, usually issued in time of war or threatening hostilities prohibiting the departure of ships or goods from some or all the ports of the country. The order may be enforced on either native or foreign ships or merchandise, and when it is found necessary to stop the communication of intelligence between any two places, an embargo is laid upon all ships, both foreign and those under the national flag.

D. C. F.—Brussels carpets are of linen and worsted, but only the worsted shows on the upper side. The under part looks like a coarse linen cloth. The worsted yarns are woven like velvet over wires which are laid across the warp from one side to the other. These wires are afterwards drawn out, leaving the worsted yarns standing in a row of loops across the carpet. The surface of all Brussels carpets is made up of these rows of little loops, of which there are sometimes more than three hundred in a yard.

A. H.—The Isthmus of Panama, called formerly the Isthmus of Darien, was at one time divided into the provinces of Azuero, Chiquiri, Panama, and Veragua, but in 1855 the several provinces were formed into the State of Panama, of which each now constitutes a department. Hence the change of name. The colony of Darien was founded on the Isthmus, near the close of the seventeenth century, by William Paterson, a Scotchman, and the founder of the Bank of England. The place selected was Acta, now Fort Escocea, about thirty miles northwest of the gulf of Darien. The settlement was subsequently abandoned.

AERONAUT.—Two men have been known to ascend to the enormous height of 38,000 feet, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell. They ascended in a balloon in 1863, their pulses beating 70 and 74 strokes per minute, respectively, at time of starting. At 17,000 feet the pulse beats had increased to 84 and 109. At 19,000 feet their hands and lips turned blue, at 22,000 feet their breathing was oppressed and they could hear their hearts beating, at 29,000 they lost all feeling, and at 38,000 feet Mr. Glaisher was compelled to open the valve of the balloon with his teeth, his hands being paralyzed. A night cannot be spent on Mont Blanc, at an altitude of 15,781 feet above sea level, without great discomfort; and 21,000 feet—among the glaciers of Ibi Gamin, in Thibet, is the greatest height at which any European has ever passed a night. The Monastery of St. Bernard is but 8,177 feet high, yet the monks are forced to go often to the valleys for change of air, and cannot serve longer than ten years in that monastery. The highest spot on the globe inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister at Hanle, Thibet. This is 16,000 feet high, and twenty-one priests live there. It is not so much the extreme cold as the rarity of the mountain atmosphere which renders it impracticable for people to live long at extreme heights above the sea level.

LET ALL BE GLAD.

BY BANBURY CROSS.

Hurrah for bluff December! he's a jolly dog, I trow,
With limbs bonight in snow-robes white, and sparkling ice-crown'd brow.
I love to hear his snoring blasts sweep bellowing 'cross the moor,
To hoarsely shout in stormy rout a greeting at my door.

I love him best of all, because his wild winds speak to me
Of freedom, and I glory in each symbol of the free!
I love him for the mirth that lights his frosty eye so clear,
And for bringing jovial Christmas once again our hearts to cheer.

Then hurrah for bluff December! shout, dance and gaily sing!
Altho Christmas comes but once a year, so bid the joy-bells ring;
Deck palace, hall and lowly cot, with mistletoe and holly,
Let every heart for once be glad, and banish melancholy!

Job Johnson's Journey.

BY H. E. E.

IT was Christmas eve in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty. Hampers—and people, too, for that matter—traveled by coach in those days, and on Christmas eve the coaches, mail included, were generally behind time.

It is no hard matter to guess the reason. They were all heavily-laden, inside and out, with people who were off to spend Christmas day in the country; for the old house at home is the spot to be set down at on the twenty-fifth of December, I can tell you—or, better still, on the twenty-fourth, if you can only get away from business soon enough.

And the coaches, you see, had to be brought to a stand still to let people down. Sometimes the stop would be at a cross-road, where the gig would be waiting to convey the eldest son to the paternal rooftree; then the sociable would be ready to pick up a cargo of youngsters coming from school; or, may be, at some humbler place, there would arise before the gratified eyes of travelers in general, and one in particular, the vision of a blushing country lass, who ran, lantern in hand, to open the wicket and let Harry, her sweet-heart, see the road to the cottage, which lay a little way off, almost hidden by the trees.

Who did not guess that Harry would extinguish that light long before they reached the good dame who stands in the doorway of said cottage?

But the people who traveled were just nothing to the hampers.

Even in the case of an omnibus, there is some limit with regard to the number of passengers it will carry. And so with a coach, too. But, bless you! nobody will believe in any with regard to hampers and parcels at Christmas time.

The guard might protest that there was not an inch of available space. The coachman might appeal to the eyesight of the individuals—who insist that their own particular packages must go, let what may be left behind—and, pointing to hampers piled upon each other, hampers in the boot, hampers suspended by strings, hampers under the seats, to say nothing of hares, pheasants, and partridges, simply labelled, and flung anywhere, or the barrel of oysters on which a passengar is sitting. All was to no purpose. The obstinate sender of good cheer would prove deaf to the coachman, who might as well have spared his appeal, and, blind to the overwhelming array of hampers to which the guard points with both hands, "This here one must go," would be the only reply, and the additional hare—not hair—which is supposed to break the camel's back, would be left to perform the same operation for the coach horses.

Such was the condition of the Newton Coach, absurdly misnamed the "Lightning," on the eve of Christmas, one thousand eight hundred and twenty. The snail would have been a more suitable appellation by far.

So thought Job Johnson, who was boots, ostler, and general factotum of the Newton Arms, and who was sitting in a disconsolate state of mind upon the horse-block, awaiting the arrival of the tardy diligence.

The "Lightning" ought to have been in at eight. Half-past came, but no coach; and Job began to grumble as he walked up and down, and battered himself with his arms by way of keeping up the circulation on that cold December evening.

"Half-past eight!" muttered he, "and that blessed coach it late again. She allays is late. No new thing. Might ha' got used to it by now; but somehow I can't. Why don't they say nine, at once, and then I needn't be hangin' about here, a waitin' till I'm a'most froze to death. But I suppose if they did say nine, they'd make it ten, and what better should I be then?"

Job sat down on the horse-block again, then paced backwards and forwards, then used his arms as battering-rams against his own person, and then, as nine o'clock came, and not a single flash announced the arrival of the "Lightning," he proved that he too had been as inaptly named as the coach. In short, Job lost patience, and—I grieve to be under the necessity of recording it—he began to swear at coaches in general; and the tardy "Lightning" in particular.

"I suppose they think I'm made o' wood, an' have no feeling, that I'm to be kep' here hour after hour to suit their convenience. I've heard tell of a namesake o' mine as could stand a good deal; but I guess if he'd been nearly run off his legs a waiting on people all day, for its 'Job' here and 'Job' there from morning till night, and then had to look out for a couple o' hours in the cold a-waitin' for a coach that never comes when it ought to, he'd a lost his character for patience."

No sound of coach wheels yet. Job bolted into the bar; and then bolted—a glass of brandy, in less time than it takes to tell it, and then bolted out again to listen. It was aggravating to leave the bright fire and two or three cronies of his who had dropped in to have a pipe and a glass, and to wish each other a merry Christmas. But Job, with Spartan fortitude, turned his back on these allurements with the determination of walking up and down until his work was finish d. "'Cos," as he remarked, "I should feel so much tirder if I wos to rest and then have to start again. Comfound the coach! I almost wish it would upset some o' these times."

All at once a new idea came into his head. "And there'll be all them there hampers and things to deliver, as sure as eggs is eggs. There's allays about a score on Christmas Eve. A pretty lively Christmas I have, trotting my legs off, and everybody so busy shaking fists along with everybody else, that he can't spare time to put his hands in his pocket and fork one out so much as a sixpence, to make up for extra work. But"—here Job clapped himself, in a determined manner, upon the horse-block—"I don't care, not a parcel will I deliver to-night, not if it were King George himself that was a waiting for the goose for his Christmas dinner."

Hardly had Job given utterance to this resolution, when he was astonished to find himself taken off—no, not his feet, but off the part that touched the horse-block, and carried through the air with great rapidity. Doors and such like trifling obstacles seemed to melt away before him; and looking round to see what was the cause of such a singular phenomenon, he was surprised to find that he was not making his aerial tour unattended. A sort of double of himself was by his side, dressed in the same kind of clothes, even to the old top-boots and waistcoat, of make and length which Job considered suitable to his occupation.

The first house to which Job obtained admittance in this queer fashion was that of the Newton lawyer; and straight they penetrated into the room where the master of the mansion and his wife were.

Our hero fully expected that the moment he and his spectral attendant made their appearance they would receive unceremonious dismissal. But no. He soon discovered that they were invisible to other eyes, though themselves quite able to see and hear everything that went on.

The lawyer was pacing restlessly up and down, and his wife was gazing gloomily into the fire, as though both were ill at ease about something. Job wondered what could trouble anybody who lived in such a house, and could tramp up and down such a carpet, with the certainty of getting a new one when that should be worn out; when, as though his double knew what he was thinking about, he received a dig in the ribs, and was told to listen.

"The coach must be in by this time," said the lawyer.

"It must," said the lady, looking still more glum.

"And the hamper has not come."

A melancholy shake of the head was the only reply.

"I never knew Sir John miss sending us one before."

"Nor I," said the lawyer's wife.

"No doubt it was that unlucky word of mine. I ought to be wise enough at my age to know better than to contradict great men; but I did what was right, though Sir John did not understand my motives. And I dare say he thought I wanted to make money out of him, when I only wanted to save him from doing a foolish thing, and wasting his own."

"His father would not have done it; he knew you better, my dear," said the lawyer's wife.

"And I have been agent for the present baronet for five years; but then he is no man of business, and those gay young fellows are not likely to make him such. More's the pity he should be so blind. I shall feel sure of losing the agency, if that hamper does not come. What a queer thing it seems, that with a full larder, the non-arrival of a little more Christmas cheer should have such an effect."

"If that were all, we should get over it," said his wife.

"But it is not all," said the lawyer; "and I feel as sure as that I am here, that I have lost the agency and half my income, by being too plain spoken."

"Say honest," put in his wife, with an attempt at a smile; "for nobody but myself will give you, a lawyer, credit for too much of that qualification."

Again the husband looked at his watch, shook his head and said "Quite too late for the hamper now, my dear. I'm afraid we shall not have a very merry Christmas."

At this moment Job feel quite anxious to know whether that hamper really had arrived or not, for he had heard about the baronet's disagreement with his agent, and the lawyer had been a good friend to the Boots at the Newton Arms. But Job's double hurried him onward, saying, "Bother the hampers. You wouldn't carry them about the town to-night, not a single goose of 'em, even, if King George wanted one for his Christmas dinner. You said so yourself, you know."

That was true enough, and if Job had been allowed time to speak, he would have replied that he was not the only person who had said a foolish thing when he was tired of waiting for a coach that wouldn't come on a frosty night in December.

But hey, presto! he was whisked off again, and this time he was landed in the parson's study.

The good man had just finished his sermon for the next morning, not without pausing to wish that somebody would make him a present of a good living as a Christmas box, for our parson's income was unfortunately very small in proportion to the size of his family. In fact, a short time before, he had ventured to make his circumstances known to a nobleman, whose son he had perpared for college, and had respectfully asked his lordship to use his influence in his behalf, should an opportunity offer for obtaining him preferment. No answer to his application had yet arrived, and he, too, was beginning to be uneasy, especially as he too was in the habit of welcoming a hamper at Christmas time from that same nobleman, and there were no signs of it either.

At the moment when Job Johnson and his queer companion went into the study, the clergyman's wife entered also.

"You have finished your writing, I see, my dear," she said.

"Yes, just done, and I am glad, for I am tired."

"I was afraid of interrupting you, or I should have come sooner to ask what I am to do about to-morrow's dinner? There is no present from his lordship this year, it seems, and we have always depended upon it for our Christmas treat. It never failed before. Do you think I should send to the Newton Arms to know whether it has come or not?"

"Better not, my dear," responded the good parson, with just a suspicion of a sigh. "It might make people talk if we inquired and found nothing. Besides," he added, consulting his watch, "the 'Lightning,' even if late; must have come in some time since, and I know trusty Job Johnson would have brought anything there might be for me."

Job felt excessively uncomfortable when he heart this, the more especially as his horrid companion whispered in his ear, "No, you wouldn't, Job, would you? You said you wouldn't budge an inch even for King George."

Poor Job! He thought of the kind parson who, when he was ill, had come with words of consolation, and of the parson's wife, who, having none too much for her own brood of youngsters, had yet spared a little to make him some jelly, which she brought her own self, when he was allowed to take strengthening food. And when the good parson suggested beef for Christmas Day, and his wife said, "All the best pieces would be sold long since," Job would have given the world if he might have told them the coach was later than common, and he would run and see and bring the hamper, if there was one, in a brace of shakes.

But, no! that inexorable companion forced him off, and he left the worthy couple still in a state of doubt as to whether they should be able, at this time of night, to get a decent joint at all, and mourning over the probable disappointment of their youngsters, who always looked for something very nice on Christmas Day, as, indeed, who does not?

The next place into which Job was hurried was a pretty cottage, inhabited by a widow and her daughter. There was no probability of famine there. In fact, the two ladies were just lauding the kindness of some friend, who had sent them a remarkably fine couple of ducks, and there was a glorious plum pudding, half boiled, and dishfuls of mince-pies and other good things, all cooked by the fair hands of pretty Mary Davis, the younger.

Job guessed who would help to eat them the next day, for he had seen bonny Mary leaning on the arm of a tall stripling, as the pair sauntered slowly down Love Lane in the moonlight.

The Widow Davis had another daughter beside Mary, but she has been married these six years to a farmer down in Lincolnshire, and Job knows that her husband is no niggard by the weight of the half-dozen hampers which have come up, one at a time, each Christmas since the wedding.

Lincolnshire geese are famous all England over, and it is by no means a mean specimen which her son-in-law sends to Mrs. Davis, along with a turkey and ever so many more good things, at Christmas time every year.

As the widow and her daughter looked admiringly at the success of Mary's cookery, the elder lady said, "I think, child, you must be a witch."

Mary thought of somebody else who had insisted more than once that she had bewitched him, and she laughed demurly as she asked, "Why, mother?"

"Because the hamper has missed that never missed before since your sister was married."

"Well, mother, don't say I bewitched it."

"No," said her mother; "but one would think you know what was going to happen when you would insist on my having, besides those ducks, a joint of beef. I thought to be sure we should have them spoiled, for those Lincolnshire folks always send such a quantity of eatables; and, behold you! here is no hamper. That is why I called you a witch."

"You see," replied Mary, blushing very prettily, "as—as—he—was—I mean, as we're going to have company to-morrow, it would never do to trust to chance for a dinner."

Her mother burst into a merry laugh. "To be sure not, child; and, considering the provision you have made for a party of three, I think you must imagine that my son-in-law in perspective is blessed with a remarkably fine appetite. Nay, don't frown; I am only joking, you know. I think well of the youth, or I should never have said yes when he asked me to bestow my Mary upon him."

The girl looked gratefully in her mother's face as she kissed it, and my gracious! didn't Job Johnson, wazened old fellow as he was, envy the widow.

"After all though, mother," said Mary, "I am grieved the hamper has not come; for you know what we reckoned on doing with the ducks if it did arrive. It is a pity, is it not?"

A dish of mince-pies and a huge plum loaf had been sent to a certain house, where a poor body with a stock of small children and a sick husband had welcomed the said comestibles very kindly. The ducks were to have followed if the goose had only arrived from Lincolnshire; but alas! for the hungry little ones, the ducks must stay in the Widow Davis' party.

The good lady said "it was a pity, but it couldn't be helped: They must do what they could for the poor folks on the morrow."

Job would have liked to put in his word again to say that the coach hadn't come; but he was just like a fellow suffering from nightmare, for his companion grinned diabolically, and whirled him off through the air once more, while he was powerless to utter a syllable.

Not so his double. The wretch whispered, "Never mind those hungry youngsters, Job; they are used to starvation, and one day will make very little difference;

and I have something more to show you yet."

The next call Job Johnson was forced to make was at one of the almshouses, where a few aged folk found a kindly shelter for their gray hairs, thanks to the charity of a good dame whose bones had rested in the chancel of Newton Church any time these two hundred years.

Old Goody Price had nobody to talk to, so she was grumbling to herself.

"Ay, it's the way o' the world," said she, "Out o' sight, out o' mind. And I slaved for her all those years. But when one gets old and good for nought, it isn't worth while to care for one. Eh, deary me!"

Thus maundered the old dame, and Job knew very well what she meant by it, for he had carried her many a parcel of tea and groceries, and always a plum-cake, at Christmas, from her old mistress.

Of course, like all the rest, she thought the coach had come without her parcel.

Job knew better; but his companion said, "The old lass will miss the tea and plum-cake, Job Johnson; but who cares for that? You are not going to be run off your legs for King George, much less for a cross old woman."

This remark hit Job very hard, for he was beginning to grow old, and he felt that his temper was not always of the sweetest, especially if he were disappointed of an expected gratuity. "Besides," thought he, "it is not pleasant to be forgotten, or even to fancy that one is, by those one has worked hard for in our best days."

"You seem to be getting tired of making calls," said his double, with a mocking face; "don't say I have made your legs ache, old boy, for they have never touched the ground. We'll just pay one more visit, and then you may sleep for a month, if you like, by way of resting yourself after your journey."

"If you please," began Job, "I would rather——"

"I dare say you would," interrupted his double, "but I would rather not; so, come along, without any shilly-shallying."

Powerless to resist the will of this strange being, Job Johnson was borne along, inwardly rejoicing though that his tour was nearly at an end.

Up three pairs of stairs and into a poorly furnished garret, which served as bedroom, sitting-room, and everything else. In fact, it did the duty of half-a-dozen apartments to the young couple who inhabited it with their two-months old baby.

Such a boy and girl they were. And they had married contrary to the advice of their friends, who wisely bade them wait a while, but counselled in vain. The headstrong young things! Each had thought that, blessed with the other, there would be nought further to be desired in this world. And lo! like all such simpletons, they had awaked from their dream to find that although the one had a husband, the other a wife, they wanted everything else, and could not keep the pot boiling. Not that they were badly mated, for they loved each other truly, only they had mated at the wrong time. So fathers and friends had determined to make them eat "rue pie"—not exactly the dish for a Christmas dinner—and had never spoken to the luckless younkers since they stole away to get married. How they had rubbed through nearly a year, they scarcely knew themselves. In fact but that the girl's mother had turned soft-hearted, and visited them unknown to her husband, with her purse in her pocket; they might have been in want of bread.

Now the young couple sat hoping for pleasant fruits from the maternal visit. The old lady had been greatly moved at sight of the little grandchild, born amidst much poverty bravely endured. And then she always liked her young son-in-law, though she blamed him for being so headstrong and foolish. However, she had promised to try and bring about a reconciliation; for, as she shrewdly remarked, "This is just the season to make people forget old grudges." She even thought at first of obtaining an invitation for the young folks to spend Christmas at home; but subsequently gave up that idea, though she wrote, saying, "I feel pretty sure that you will get a Christmas hamper, and more by-and-by; only be patient, and don't cross you father if he should scold a bit at first."

Guess how anxiously they were listening for each footstep, hoping that the promised present would yet come. "What shall we do if it does not?" asked the poor young wife, in Job's hearing. "We have nothing for to-morrow except some dry bread, and a little, a very little tea."

Job saw a tear drop on the cheek of the wee baby at the breast, and the young husband saw it too.

"We have no money, dear?" said the young husband.

"Not a sixpence Harry; but I never troubled myself about it to-day, for I know what sort of a hamper my mother packs up when she begans."

"I should think, Lizzie, your father would not let her send us the Christmas cheer."

"I really do not know what to think, Harry. I reckoned so much upon this, not so much on account of the good things, though they would be very receptable, but because I thought father would be brought round, and—and——"

She could say no more, for the tears fell faster and faster on the cheek of her little baby.

Visions of the merry groups at home, the teeming larder and overflowing cellar, and the thought, "How can they sit down to a feast when they must know—at least mother does—that we have hardly bread; and not spare a little from their abundance to make ours a home of plenty for one day?" passed through the young wife's mind.

The husband watched her; but he did not guess her thoughts. He imagined that the tears were tears of regret because she had married him, and he dropped by her side, saying, "Forgive me, Lizzie darling, forgive me."

Lizzie looked surprised, and said, "For what, dear Harry? It is not your fault that my mother has broken her promise."

"But it is mine that you left a home of plenty to come to this poor place," said Harry. "It is mine that you are not now sitting at your parents' table, a happy, light-hearted girl, instead of here, a miserable wife and mother."

She tried to interrupt him, but he went on quite vehemently, "Lizzie, you shall go back to your parents. I have been a selfish wretch to keep you with me; for though they will not forgive me, I know they will not shut their doors upon you and this poor helpless thing."

He passionately kissed both the baby and his wife, and Lizzie returned his caress, holding him prisoner by placing one slender arm round his neck while the other supported her child.

"Now," she said, "it is my turn to speak, and you must not interrupt me. Whatever fault there may have been, Harry, we shared between us; for did I not love you as well as you loved me? And how can you say I am a miserable wife or mother either, when no unkind or unloving word has ever passed between us two? And I say, dear Harry, in spite of poverty, and the evils it has brought, I have been, I am, happier with you than I could be elsewhere without you."

For a moment her lips were closed by her husband's kisses, and then she continued, "I have not quite done yet, Harry. You talked of sending me from you. Now, setting aside that you would make us both miserable by this, you dear foolish boy, you have no right to do it. You cannot send me away without breaking the vow you would take me 'for better for worst, for richer for poorer, till death us do part.' Beside, did I not make the same vow? And I am yours, my husband, yours only. I will never leave you so long as we both shall live."

Job Johnson saw and heard all this, and his eyes felt uncomfortably moist as the young husband, still kneeling beside his girl-wife, cisped her and their child to his breast.

Poor Job! He made distressing efforts to obtain possession of his blue checked pocket handkerchief, but in vain; for he was both hand and tongue-tied, and at this moment, the queer being which had accompanied him in those aerial flights, commenced a furious attack upon his ribs again repeating the detested sentence, "Never mind these poor beggars. Let them starve. I wouldn't carry a hamper to-night, even if King George wanted a goose for his Christmas dinner."

But Job now heard other voices beside this unpleasant one, which last, as they became audible, faded away in the distance. He saw his double no more. The garret and its inhabitants had vanished from his sight, and, in place of them, Job opened his eyes upon the yard of the Newton Arms, with the just arrived "Lightning" immediately in front of the horse-block.

"Why, Job, old fellow," said the coachman, "who would have thought of catching you napping! Here you were, upon the horse-block, as sound as a top, and I have been shaking and poking you to that degree that I thought I should kill you before you awoke. I doubt you've been drinking too much Christmas ale; but come, my hearty, bear a hand,—just look at the hampers and parcels!"

Job rubbed his eyes very hard indeed, and muttered something about "poor Lizzie;" and the coachman and guard winked at each other, and asked him if that was his sweetheart he had been dreaming about.

"No," replied Job, hardly knowing what he said; "she married, and has a baby. I saw her a minute since."

"Then, if she's married," said the guard, "what business had she here at this time o' night?"

"She wasn't here," replied Job. "It was at home I saw her; and her husband was there too."

"I like that," said the coachman. "Why, Job, you must be very far gone. Come, wake up, and look at the hampers."

Job did look at the hampers, and wisely held his tongue. "For," thought he, "they wouldn't believe, if I were to tell 'em, where I've been. They'd laugh, and tell me I was drunk. As though a fellow could be drunk on one go of brandy on a cold night like this? I should think now, after that ugly likeness of mine had done with me, he clapped me down on the horse-block, and they thought I'd been asleep. But I know better. People don't dream what I saw."

Job bustled about here and there, reaching down hampers, and setting them in order. To his infinite delight, he found that not one of the lot about which he felt especially anxious was missing; and instead of grumbling at the thought of having them to deliver, he was positively delighted. Each additional hamper added to those already on the hand-cart, while it added to the outward weight, took off from that within.

"Why, you'll never deliver all that lot to-night, Job!" said the good-natural landlady.

"Shan't I, mum? But, by'r leave, I shall," returned Job, as he set the hand-cart in motion.

"Have a glass of beer before you go, Job?"

"No, thank ye, mum. When I come back will do."

The landlady looked astonished, for she couldn't think what had come over Job; and the coachman said, "Well I never! I expected the old chap would be as cantankerous as anythink, with all those hampers to deliver, and the 'Lightning' later than she ever was before; but instead of that, he's off like a lamplighter."

"'Wonders 'll never cease!'" further remarked the landlady. "Job wouldn't have that glass of ale. And such ale! You won't say 'no,' coachman, I'll be bound?"

Coachman gave a knowing wink at the comely landlady—she was a widow—and said, "he guessed he knew better than all that," and forthwith adjourned to the bar, not forgetting the compliments of the season as he and the mistress of the house passed under the mistletoe, which hung "quite convenient" in the passage.

In the meantime Job's hand-cart passed rapidly along the streets of Newton. "Where shall I go first?" thought he. But he did not hesitate long, for the young couple were uppermost in his mind, and the hamper for Mr. Harry Winslow was first delivered. Job was quite convinced that he had really made that journey, and that it was no dream, when he saw how poor Harry and Lizzie's eyes lighted up at the sound of the words, "Hamper for you, sir. Carriage paid."

"But we shall owe you something, Job, for bringing it. How kind of you, when it is so late! Will you call on the day after to-morrow?"

"Not a halfpenny," said Job. "You're quite welcome. A merry Christmas to you, sir, and you, ma'am, and the baby."

Off sped Job to the parsonage next, and just as he was carrying the hamper in he heard the servant say to her mistress, "Mr. Sust is very sorry indeed, ma'am, but he hasn't a bit of roasting beef left. He said, if he'd only a known sooner he'd have kept you the best bit, and proud to do it."

At that moment Job came in sight, calling out, "Bear a hand, will you, and help me to lift this hamper. It is a weight;" and the lady cried, "Oh, here is Job with the basket. I think I never was so glad to see anybody. Why we thought the coach had come an hour ago."

"Only ought to ha' done, ma'am. Just arrived."

"I know it has not been here long, Job, because you would be sure to come soon to me, you kind old man. Step in to have a drop of something and a bit of bread and cheese. It's Christmas Eve, you know."

Job's heart smote him when the lady called him "kind," for he thought of his grumbling walk up and down in the cold before he sat down on the horse-block.

"Not to-night, ma'am, thank you," he replied. "I've ever so many hampers in the cart yet."

Something was slipped into his hand, though; and Job was told to be sure and come another night; then off he trudged again.

The parcel was next left at the almshouse, which was close to the parsonage, and the old woman there made happy in the certainty that she was not forgotten by her former mistress.

Then Job had to knock up Mrs. Davis, for the widow and pretty Mary having no gentleman to sit up for, as yet, were very early birds.

Mary ran down in night-cap and wrapper, took the hamper, crammed half-a-crown, a hunch of plain bread and cheese, and a mince-pie, into Job's hand, said he was a good old fellow, and she'd remember him, then tripped up-stairs again, after locking him out.

Job was rather disappointed at being too late to allow of the present opening of the hamper, and the instant conveyance of ducks to the poor cottagers; for being persuaded of the reality of all he had been during the journey with his double, he wanted to know that he had put everything to rights again.

However, he had to pass that poor cottage on his way to the lawyer's and a bright thought struck him. There was a broken pane in the window, and Job could see the weary goodwife still at work, trying to make a little garment decent for the morrow. So he took out his half-crown, wrapped it in paper, and dropped it upon the window-sill through the broken pane.

With his pocket that much lighter, and his mind still more relieved, he hurried off to the lawyer's, where his presence was hailed with exclamations of delight. He was hauled into the kitchen, whether he would or not, and compelled to taste the Christmas toast and ale.

The strings which held that hamper were cut in no time, and the lawyer's own hand took out a letter which lay on the straw at the top.

"In Sir John's own hand," said he to his wife, as he tore open the letter. "He never sent a line in the hamper before."

They went into the dining-room together, and after a little time the lady came out with beaming face, and handed Job five shillings as a Christmas-box, which was as good as telling him what he wished to know. The rest of the packages, too, brought him other gifts, and Job trotted back to the Newton Arms with an empty hand-cart, but quite a full pocket.

"So you've delivered all the hampers, mate," said the coachman, who was still making himself comfortable in the bar with the landlady.

"Yes," said Job.

"Well," said the coachman, "I wouldn't ha' gone to-night for five pound if I'd had as hard a day's work as you have."

"Then I wouldn't ha' missed going for five pound so there's the difference," replied Job: "and here's luck to you, and a merry Christmas."

"Why, you never made that by carrying out hampers?"

"No, but I pleased myself, and more folks besides, and that's worth a bit o' trouble. And let me tell you, mate," continued Job, "that I've learnt a lesson this very Christmas Eve that I shan't soon forget."

"And what's that?" demanded the coachman.

"Why," said Job, "that it doesn't do allays to think about one's self, or to stop work, even if one's tired, while there's more work to be done that'll make other people happy. You don't know—how should you?—what a lot of happiness I've been and delivered along with those six hampers."

Job, being naturally uncommunicative, never told his tale to any one for fear of being laughed at; but, in after years, when the memory of the aerial journey became somewhat dimmed, he was apt to think that he must have dreamed it, and that his ugly double was no other than his conscience, worked upon by the reports about persons and things which he had heard while trotting about Newton.

So we will now wish every body a Merry Christmas, and trust all will learn a lesson from Job Jonnson's Journey.

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DECAYED ARISTOCRATS.

The old nobility of France anticipated the effect of the French Revolution by teaching their sons some trade, as is the custom in many royal families at the present day, and before that great social upheaval ended much thus taught became useful as a means of earning bread.

If this sensible provision for possible contingencies were more generally made, the world would be spared a good many scandals. As it is—and most noble families, judging from Burke's work on the vicissitudes of the aristocracy, seem destined at some time or other to be in Queer Street—what can a decayed patrician do?

"We can't all be tailors," and it is equally certain that there is room for only a few wine merchants. Nevertheless, the wine trade possesses great attractions for needy aristocrats, though they soon find that it does not realize anticipations. An officer in the Army "married beneath him," as the saying goes, and in consequence the other officers' wives would not associate with him. A year after his marriage he left the Army, returned to England, and entered the wine trade. In twelve months he was ruined. After that he went down—down—down, and was quite lost sight of, until one morning an almoner connected with a well-known charity, himself also a military man, recognized in a dead body he was called to see the once popular and dashing officer.

Thackeray, recognizing the difficulty indicated, suggested two new professions for decayed aristocrats and younger sons. Why, he asked, should they not become auctioneers or "dining masters?" The latter professor was to consist of connoisseurs in wines and champagnes, food and table appointments, qualified to superintend the giving of dinners, and for this service he calculated that city magnates would be quite willing to pay a fee of five guineas.

But, then, Thackeray was a cynic. Well, there certainly is much in the working out of these suggestions which justifies the charge. But, considering the devices adopted by some members of the aristocracy during recent years in order to gain a livelihood, the proposals are not so outrageous after all.

A little while ago, an Escort Supply Agency was formed. The objects of this agency was to supply escorts to ladies who visit London, or who reside in London, but have no male friends upon whose time and courtesy they can make sufficient claim. The list of prices is, all things considered, extremely reasonable. For £6 daily, or £1 per hour, ladies can have the services of younger sons of peers, baronets, and military and naval officers, all "faultlessly dressed," by contract with a West End tailor. Decorations are 20 per cent. extra. "Superfine" escorts cost 20s. daily, or 2s. 6d. an hour; and "households" (whatever that may mean), 1s. 6d. an hour. We presume, in the absence of any intimation to the contrary, that the lady is expected to pay for refreshments. This escort system appears to be an excellent arrangement for enabling "poor but honest" aristocrats to become acquainted with ladies willing to barter money for rank and literally to endow a husband.

Humiliating as this arrangement must be to any man of feeling, it does not seem quite so bad as soliciting charity from passers-by. Yet this course has been resorted to by not a few aristocrats. Some have become street singers; others reciters at the quite corners beloved by the itinerant vocalist class, and recently a viscount, for reasons analogous to those which induced the hero of one of Mr. Sims' farcical comedies to go into trade, has taken up organ grinding.

Dames of high birth but limited means—oh, fatal combination!—are not above resorting to many shady devices to supplement their income. Certain of such ladies were, up to a few months ago, always ready to chaperon aspirants to the honor of kissing the Queen's hand if a sufficiently large honorarium were offered them. Recently, however, her Majesty, true to the principles which have distinguished her long and glorious reign, peremptorily stopped this practice. Other ladies of experience, for a consideration, teach the debutante "how it is done" at Drawing Rooms—the courtesy, the kiss deferential. Then, again, it is said that at least one English countess regularly advertises in transatlantic journals her willingness to introduce American ladies into the best English society. She does not do this out of pure charity.

But how do these ugly facts about the shady side of the aristocracy get into print? The explanation is simple. Journalism is one of the recognised means by which needy patricians can earn a few pounds; and as in these days nothing is sacred—old love, old taste, the most painful reminiscences, the most tender recollections: all are turned into "copy"—they are not averse from writing spicy items about each other or even about themselves. The evening papers are glad to get personal paragraphs, and the society organs pay for them at the liberal rate of 5s. or 10s. each.

This work quite beats novel writing—a fact which titled writers have begun to perceive and to act accordingly. It transpired recently that a lady who published two works of fiction with a decided eye to profit was only about £10 the richer by the transaction. This would not realize the docker's ideal of sixpence an hour.

All things considered, it is surprising that more needy aristocrats do not follow the lead of so many of their fellow patricians and make a bold plunge into trade. Why should they not? All work is noble, says Carlyle, and, as they say in the Adelphi melodramas, "it is infinitely better to be honest in a shop than dishonest in a mansion." No man in his senses would now think of using those dreary diatribes against trade in which the Silver Fork School of novelists indulged.

But just observe, for a moment, how the aristocratic trader has been evolved. First of all, our patricians followed the profession of arms, and younger brothers were pages or servants to noble houses. Next, after the Reformation, it was considered not derogatory to enter the Church. Many years later the aristocracy began to go to the Bar, and, about the same time, banking was considered a genteel and profitable employment. The next profession to be taken up was that of the wine merchant; and this brings us down to our own days.

Now we have titled merchants, cab owners, coal dealers, organ grinders, and so on. We have duchesses who sell butter, eggs, and milk; lords who keep retail shops; and at least one honorable who sells infants' clothes. Many titled ladies are in business as milliners—we beg pardon, "modistes"—and one of their number has recently given in the organ of advanced womanhood a record of her experience in trade. She confesses that at first her aristocratic friends patronised her, but says that she was soon compelled to rely largely on the mob. Her title, she thinks, had a little to do with her success.

The latest addition to the ranks of titled traders is Lord Rowton, who has started keeping a model lodging house, of which he is "deputy" as well as landlord. In other words, he will look after the place personally. His lordship states that he has gone into the business partly from love of adventure and partly from hope of gain.

After this, nothing in the way of aristocratic traders need surprise. Truly, as Thackeray says "the nobles come peoplewards as the people, on the other hand, rise and mingle with the nobles."

MISTAKES AND BLUNDERS.—"Yes, that is where he made a mistake," said M'Whirter, referring to the latest act of stupidity on the part of M'Phud.

"I don't call such an action as that a mistake," replied old Jollitoy, dictatorially: "I call it a blunder."

"Well, it's all the same thing," said M'Whirter.

"No, you're wrong there," was Jollitoy's reply; "there's a good deal of difference between a blunder and a mistake."

"I should like to know what it is," answered Mac, sceptically."

"Well, suppose you went to call on some friends, put an old umbrella into the stand, and took away a new one when you left, that would be a mistake; but suppose you put down a new one and brought away an old one, that would be a blunder, d'ye see?"

M'Whirter admitted that there was a difference after all.

"JULIA, my little cherub, when does your sister Ida return?" Julia: "I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" Julia: "She said if you came to see her she'd be gone till doomsday."

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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An official record states that the number of persons who committed suicide in Paris during last year was 860, and of these suicides 243 were by hanging, 206 by drowning, 104 by asphyxiation, 138 by shooting, 65 by jumping from a window or monument, 33 by poisoning, 24 by stabbing, 5 by being run over by trains, and 13 by other methods. Five out of every six suicides by hanging were committed by men, and 130 of the 138 cases in which a gun or revolver was the weapon used; while in a majority of the suicides by drowning and by jumping from a window the victim was a woman.

A writer in the North China Herald describes the fairs in Northern China. There are but two months in the year when the people do not hold large fairs at convenient centres, at which all imaginable wants of all customers are supplied. The exceptions are the sixth month, when the roads are generally impassable, and the first which is devoted to rest and recreation. There is a constant succession of these gatherings in any given district, at which it is not uncommon for 10,000 persons to be congregated. There is no method of advertising the exact date at which a fair will begin except by red slips of paper put up in public places, and these notices are often misleading.

The thumb and great toe of men are two-jointed, while the remaining fingers and toes are three-jointed. But in the examination of skeletons it has been observed that occasionally the little toe is two-jointed, the middle and terminal phalanges having been so united that they can scarcely be distinguished. This variation occurs more frequently in women than in men, and usually affects both feet alike. Pressure of the shoes is believed to be one cause of it, and Dr. Pfitzner, who has made a special study of the subject, has come to the conclusion that the little toe is in process of degeneration, and that without its being possible to show that it is suffering an adaptation to any external mechanically operating influence.

The well-known scientific photographer, Anschütz, of Lissa, has for some years been experimenting in making photographs of the flight of cannon balls, from the instant they leave the muzzle of the gun to the time of their striking the object aimed at. After many attempts and failures he finally succeeded in obtaining highly interesting results, not reaching what he called the acme of perfection, however, until in May, 1890. The plates of this last mentioned experiment were submitted to Dr. Koenig, of the Berlin University, who was able to make therefrom the long sought practical calculations. From figures thus deduced Dr. Koenig established the fact that the projectile photographed had been passing through the air with a velocity of 480 meters per second, and that the duration of the light thrown on the photographic plates had not exceeded the ten-thousandth part of a second.

The streets of Berlin are soon to be enriched by a large number of so-called "Urania pillars," of which it is proposed to set up in all 300. These pillars will be about 18 feet high, constructed of cast iron and will each contain a clock, meteorological instruments, weather charts, astronomical and geographical announcements, and also, as in the streets of Paris, a plan of the neighboring streets in enlarged form to enable strangers to find their way. The instruments are to be regulated from the Observatory. In addition to what has been mentioned, the pillars will be used for advertisements, in order to help to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The only thing that can be said against these pillars is that they will not be evenly distributed in the town. For instance, it has been arranged to erect in Unter den Linden, between the statue of Frederick the Great and the Pariser Platz, a distance of not 1000 yards, no less than fifteen.

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Our Young Folks.

FISIE'S CARD.

BY M. BROWNE.

"MAMMA, may I send my Christmas card to just who I like?" prattled Elsie's ungrammatical silvery tongue. But then, she was only five years old; and what do five year-old people know about grammar?

"Yes, dear," mamma told her; "only I'd send it to someone who wants one, and may not get one."

"Who, mamma—who should you think?" asked the little one, very like a talking flower, with her daisy face, speedwell eyes, and fluffy golden hair.

"Send it to one of those poor little hospital girls I was telling you about the other day."

"Oh, mamma!" The little girl's blue eyes told what a new beautiful thought this was to her. "So I will," said she, with decision.

Then her mamma, who had other things to think about besides cards, was called away, and Elsie left alone.

"I don't know a bit what to do," said the mite gravely, as she shook her head. "I wish Jack was here; he'd know."

And—as sometimes happens, when we wish for people they appear—in sauntered Jack, as if he knew his sister wanted him. Jack was eleven, and looked down in quite grandfatherly wisdom upon his small five-year-old sister, not half his age. She soon told him her Christmas card scheme, which he, in his boy's way, pronounced "jolly."

"But I don't know the name of any little sick girl up in London," said the child, still in perplexity; and even Jack whistled over it, as over something requiring thought.

"I have it!" said he presently. "Send it addressed 'To the Little Girl that has no Christmas Card.'"

"Why, that's very much what mamma said at first," replied Elsie, with a laugh like the tinkling of a silvery bell. "That will be very nice!" and clapped her hands over it in high glee.

"And I'll address it right off," volunteered the boy, and sat down at his mamma's desk, which always stood in the window-nook, to make good his offer.

"Read it to me first, Jack, because I can't," cried the happy little dunce. So Jack took the pretty "nonsense" thing, as he called it, from her hands, and read the verse, set in the midst of a wreath of tinsel and sham flowers—

> "A token of love, I come to you,
> Love is strong, and kind, and true
> Love I come, and Love I stay,
> For Love is love, an endless day."

"What does it mean?" asked Elsie.

"That love is always love to somebody—the same as the sun always shines and makes day for somebody." This was Jack's version of the rhyming words.

"Oh!" sighed Elsie, trying to grasp the great thought. "But the sun doesn't shine at night," dissented she.

"It does to the folk the other side of the world—down under our feet, you know. It comes and goes, and so does love; we send it away to somebody, but it comes back to us again—'tis here," returned Jack.

"And will my love come back to me again?" asked the child, her pretty blue eyes telling, as well as her words, that she had grasped somewhat of the great thought.

"We shall see," returned her brother, like an oracle. With that, the envelope was addressed, and the pretty messenger of her love to somebody put in. Then came the happy suggestion—

"If I were to put in my photograph, the little girl would know what sort of a little girl had sent her her card."

"Of course she would; that would be stunning!" and away went Jack through the length and breadth of the house to find his mother, to get her to give him the child's photograph.

At last the budget was ready, and he and Elsie on the way to the post-office to post it themselves, like many other eager ones round the box posting theirs on that happy Christmas Eve. Away it went, like many another seed of kindness sown—what would be its harvest? For, of course, no such loving little seeds are ever really lost.

Rap! rap! went the postman at the door of the sick children's hospital in great, busy, noisy London, and in went Elsie's card with all the other little nimble messengers; some here, some there, one here, one there; Elsie's finding its way to a ward where a poor little fretful-faced maiden lay in a corner, waiting—waiting for what she knew would not come to her. Nobody would think of sending her one of the pretty cards in the many, many windows her brother Will told her of the last time he came to see her. But he could not buy her one; the most he could do for her was to bring her an orange now and then; he was so poor, they were both so poor, in every way—no father, no mother, no anybody except themselves. And she, poor fretful Molly, had been lying there for months, with a sad illness, which was wearing her to skin and bone, as well as that fretful temper of hers, which nobody seemed to brighten or improve.

"She was always whiny-piny, was poor Molly." This was the character her eleven-year-old brother, a crossing-sweeper, gave her. Yes. Will was eleven—just the age of Jack, living with Elsie among the spring flowers—and Molly was the age of Elsie.

"For a Little Girl without a Christmas Card," read the nurse in attendance, after she had distributed all the other letters.

"Oh, that's me!" cried Molly from her corner, and held out her hand as for her right, took the missive and opened it in great delight.

"What does it mean?" sighed the poor invalid.

"This is what I understand it to mean," said the nurse—"the pretty little lady sends you some of her love, to try and make your life beautiful; and when people's lives are beautiful, their faces are sure to be beautiful too."

"And will love do that for me?" asked Molly.

"Yes, dear, love can do almost anything; it had done greater things than that."

Then poor wistful Molly lay quiet, pondering this new sweet thought, and looking at unknown Elsie's face, till she fell asleep, and dreamed that her little unknown somebody was a beautiful angel with wings, who came to her bedside, and sat in her own visitor's chair; and awoke laughing—she was so happy—to find Will sitting there.

"Well, little 'coman, what do it all mean—you a-a-larfin', and this, and this?" he asked, in happy bewilderment, touching her pretty presents on the coverlet.

Then Molly told him all that nurse had said to her about this little unknown somebody, and love, the beautifier—love, the all-powerful—and forgot, in her surprised gladness, to be her own peevish little self.

"She's a real stunner!" said Will, bending over Elsie's photographed daisy face with admiring eyes.

"And I'm going to be a real stunner too," returned hopeful Molly.

Ah! Elsie little dreamed of the sunshine she was making for sick Molly when she sowed her little seed of kindness.

A month or two rolled on, and then the supreme moment came.

Elsie, her father, mother, and Jack, were in London, driving through the streets; the horse frightened and bolted. Jack, in his terror, sat like a stick or a stone, Elsie, like a wee white daisy, not half realising her danger; their father held the reins tighter, but still on they went at a giddy pace. Would no one stop the maddened animal—no one come to the rescue?

Yes—yes; a little crossing-sweeper was the hero who did it. Molly's brother Will darted forward, and grappled with the horse. Will was fond of animals—maybap his love for them helped him to soothe the startled creature; at any rate, he did it, and when Elsie's father was thanking him, Jack patting him on the back, he must needs play the hero to the full—poor fellow!—by dropping down in a faint.

When they had revived him in a druggist shop all the budget came out, like a glad harvest for Elsie—the little girl who received the Christmas card was named Molly, and this was her brother Will.

"I see the little lady, and knowed her, 'cause of the photograph she sent to poor sick Molly, as is gettin' well fast, 'cause of the little lady's face smilin' into Molly's face, and her love smilin' into her heart."

Now for the end of it all. Elsie went to the hospital to see Molly, and to hear that she was fast getting well, had lost her old name of "Patch," and was now called by the suggestive one of "Beamy." After that, when small Elsie was at home again, Molly left the hospital for a school, and here she was trained for a servant, and as Christmas Day came round again and again, greetings passed between the two little girls; and, finally, Will came down to be servant for Elsie's father, and Molly young maid to Elsie; almost as pretty and lovable as the young lady—indeed, Elsie's father called them the twins.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY G.

HETTY woke with a plan in her head. She had been dreaming about it all night, and when the morning sun came peeping in at the window she thought she heard him say—

"I am going to give you a fine day."

"Ah, you dear sun! I knew you would shine to-day because I am going to have a holiday," said Hetty as she jumped out of bed.

"Can I have a large clean pinafore, nurse," asked Hetty. "You know, I always tear my frocks when I have a holiday, or dirty them, so a pinafore over my old frock will be best."

Nurse laughed.

"Well, you do make a mess of your good clothes, Miss Hetty, when you have a whole day for play."

And she got out a large pinafore, with large loose sleeves, and Hetty said—

"Yes, that will do."

It was a fine summer morning, the birds were singing, and the scent of the flowers was very sweet. Hetty looked out of the window.

"When I have had my breakfast I shall set off," said she to herself. "And my dolls shall go too. Flossy and Dolly must get tired of only seeing the garden."

"Well, you will have a nice day in the garden, Hetty," said her mother to her when they were seated at breakfast. "I will give you some cake and fruit, and you can make a little feast in the summer-house, and have your dolls and playthings there."

Hetty did not say anything; she was still thinking of the plan, but she took the cake and fruit, and her two dolls, and went to the summer house.

When she was quite alone with her dolls she said aloud—

"Dolly and Flossy, my plan is to go to Bramley Castle to-day. I don't know the way, but I can find it."

She packed all the cake and fruit in her basket, and took her dolls in her arms. Then she opened the little gate at the end of the garden, and went out into the fields.

And away she wandered through the fields and lanes till she came to a great common where there were not many trees to be seen, but, as it was getting very hot, she sat down near the largest one she could find. She did not in the least know where she was, but she said—

"Flossy and Dolly, we must be near Bramley Castle, for we have come a long way."

She felt very hungry, so she ate the cake and fruit. And then she looked round to see if she could see the castle. But there was no castle to be seen.

"I am too tired to go any farther," she said. "Oh, Flossy and Dolly, we are lost. What shall I do?"

She could do nothing, and sat nursing her dolls and looking very sad.

Suddenly she heard a loud "Hallo! Hallo!"

Then she saw a horse galloping, but she could not see who was the rider.

Nearer and nearer it came, and then Hetty saw that the rider was her papa. She jumped up and cried, "I am here, papa! I am lost. I was going to Bramley Castle."

"Bramley Castle!" said papa, "this is not the way. Oh, Hetty, how you have frightened us!"

"Oh, papa!" said Hetty, "I will not run away again!"

TO CLEAN POINT LACE.—Real point lace must, on no account, be ironed; it should be pinned on a board covered with flannel, while still quite wet. Use plenty of pins, choosing very small ones for fine lace, and taking great care to keep the pattern true and even, pinning every part of it out separately. If the lace dries before the process is finished, dampen it with a sponge. For lengths of lace edgings or trimmings, a wooden cylinder should be employed, and the lace pinned around it, keeping the bulk of it folded up in a damp cloth, and uncovering it gradually, as required. Allow the lace to dry thoroughly before taking it off the board.

"It was picturesque," said the gentleman in the next chair, referring to the old-time bootblack, who carried his kit on his shoulder, "but it must be admitted that it is more comfortable to sit in an easy chair and rest one's foot upon a firm support than it was to lean up against the side of a building and try to hold the foot upon a box which wobbled with every stroke of the brush."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Tennille, Georgia, lays claim to a 10-year-old cat.

Bits of lace are approved of as wedding presents.

White mahogany is the latest fashion in furniture woods.

The average life of a wooden leg is between 5 and 6 years.

All twisted boring tools are said to be of American invention.

Brownsburg, Ind., has an organized band of poultry thieves.

Two persons die of starvation in London, it is said, every week.

A sign in a saloon in New York reads, "Three-masted schooners of beer."

An electric cigar lighter and an electric refrigerator are two late inventions.

Some of Kansas' empty jails are at present being used to store the surplus wheat in.

About 1000 fishing boats are engaged around the British coast which are named Mary.

Millions of butterflies, it is claimed, are eaten every year by the Australian aborigines.

A Saginaw, Mich., man was recently fined six cents for necessary use of incendiarism.

A pumpkin that is said to weigh 200 pounds is an agricultural curiosity of Los Angeles, Cal.

A resident of Jacksonville, Florida, claims to have a race horse foaled in North Carolina in 1825.

The tail of George III's horse is one of the relics in the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

The increase in the number of persons who wear glasses has been very marked within a few years.

It is calculated that there are about $50,000,000 worth of property at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

It is proposed by leading bicyclists to build an asphalt road, 30 or 35 feet wide, from Chicago to New York.

It has been discovered that the weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1200 to 4500 pounds.

At a recent church fair in New York city the booths were marked by the colors of the various colleges in the country.

A New York paper announces that a hotel in that city is to be "enlarged by reducing the size of its immense rooms."

The ministers of Port Jervis, New York, have combined with the undertakers and are to discontinue the holding of funerals on Sundays.

The street lamp posts of Paisley, Scotland, have been leased to an advertising firm, which will fit them up with frames for the display of posters.

Chatham county, N. C., lays claim to the tallest boy in the state. He is a colored boy, named Frank Alston, 20 years old, and is 8 feet 5½ inches high.

With a forged check for $10 an ex-convict in New York bought apples worth $1, and thus took the risk of an immediate return to imprisonment for 10 years.

Queen Victoria never drinks more than two glasses of either champagne or claret; and after dinner Her Majesty is accustomed to take a small glass of Tokay.

A swimming tank is said to be a cure for lameness in horses. In swimming the horse exercises the same muscles as in trotting, but with no injury to his feet or legs.

What is said to be the oldest and largest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mt. Etna. It is more than 215 feet in circumference, and is known to be at least 3000 years old.

The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger, take refuge at night in the rivers where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking above the water.

It has been stated that seven thousand swans' skins are annually imported into London for the exclusive manufacture of puffs, used for applying powder to the face. Every skin makes sixty puffs. This shows an annual consumption of 420,000 puffs.

In Vienna snails are served either boiled in their shells or stuffed with forcemeat. At Naples snails are generally kept in bran for a week or two before they are considered good for the table. On this food they speedily fatten. Most people in this country would prefer the Christmas turkey and pudding.

Two young city-bred women, daughters of a prominent wholesale merchant in San Francisco named Lowenstein, are living on and working a land claim in the State of Washington, between Hadlock and Port Ludlow. They took up the claim two years ago, and have lived on it continuously since, built the cabin in which they live, and have cleared and grubbed 20 acres of land. Their nearest neighbor is four miles away.

LIFE.

BY A. H. R.

Red and golden, and bistre and dun
Purple and yellow, and green:
A monk, a novice, a vestal, a nun,
A prince, a peer, and a queen.

A roll, a pageant, a wedding, a grave,
A death, a marriage, a birth:
A stream, a torrent, a billow, a wave,
A blessing, a sorrow, a mirth.

A thought, a vision, a trance, a dream,
A medley of hopes and fears:
Things are not ever just what they seem;
There are smiles in this vale of tears.

A spring, a summer, an autumn, a snow,
A reward, a merited rod
That shall scourge our bodies here below,
And carry our souls to God.

IN CURIOSITY LAND.

Christmas is never so busy in other ways that folks will not read with interest of the strange and curious. If we were to make a collection of the various writing implements in use to-day, I think we should be surprised at the great number and variety of the specimens. But rather let me tell you about some of the writing implements of the past.

The earliest method of communicating one's ideas or wishes to another was that of signs, which took the form of stones cut to a certain fashion, and pieces of wood shaped in a peculiar manner. The next advance consisted in representing the forms of objects of which it was desired to speak.

The Egyptians, Assyrians, and others adopted this method, and the Indian tribes of America still make use of this way of imparting information.

The ancient Egyptian writer used a wooden palette about a foot long, and three inches wide, with wells for red or black ink, and grooves for holding the writing reeds or pens, the points of which were protected by a sliding lid. The ink-pots were made of bronze, and were carried about by the scribe by means of a chain which fastened the pot to the left thigh.

The pen commonly used in the East, both in days gone by and at the present time, is formed of a kind of hollow cane about six inches long, cut like a quill-pen, and adapted for the most beautiful and delicate writing. This kind of pen was used with ink, but the ancients had another pen, which did not require ink. This was the "stylus," or "pen of iron," and was principally employed for writing on a hard substance, such as stone or metal, as well as upon tablets coated with wax. Many of the records of the Assyrians, written with these pens, are almost as perfect to-day as when they were first written some three thousand years ago. They commonly used clay tablets for writing upon, and the characters were pressed in while the clay lay moist in its frame or case.

You know that the word "paper" is derived from papyrus, a reed which grew in the marshy lands and ponds of Lower Egypt. It required very little preparation before it could be used, being naturally adapted for the purposes of writing. This paper was made in large quantities at Alexandria and other cities of Egypt; but the inhabitants of Alexandria were, for a long time, solely in possession of the secret of its manufacture, and acquired great riches by the sale to the countries of Europe and Asia.

In many parts of India education is still at a low level, and the Hindoos still use a very primitive kind of pen. The little Hindoo child learns the alphabet by being taught to form the letters in the sand with his fingers, in the same fashion that children amuse themselves at the seaside, by writing their names and making letters in the sand. After this they learn to write them with a sharp-pointed needle on a palm leaf, and last of all upon a green plantain leaf.

The natives of Sumatra use the bark of a tree, and also flat pieces of bone instead of paper. In the British Museum you may see a curious book of "Spells," used by the Battas, a cannibal people of Sumatra. The writing in this, and similar native books, is produced by stamps made of long thin sticks of wood, engraved in relief at one end with the various characters.

In some of the Isles of Polynesia, "speaking wood," pieces of wood engraved with various curious figures and signs, were used by the natives as a means of communicating with one another, and, to a certain extent, the practice still prevails.

The Chinese do almost everything exactly opposite to the way of doing it in this country, and, instead of using a pen, they write, or rather paint, their words with a brush. They attach great importance to an elegant handwriting, and a clever writer, or, as they say, a "clever brush," is considered worthy of their admiration.

It is also the custom in Japan to paint with a brush, instead of writing with a pen. When an author is ready to put his idea on to paper he shuts himself in his study and begins painting at the back end of all the pages of his new book. He uses paper of yellowish tint, marked with perpendicular and horizontal blue lines. A beautifully ornamented ebony plate holds his ink and several bamboo brushes, which serve as pens. The pages of the new book are rapidly covered by the brush with the most delicate and varied marks, and, when completed, the painted poem, or story, as the case may be, is handed over to a copyist, who cleverly reproduces the work.

The copy is then sent to an engraver, whose duty it is to cut the words on wood, so that, the blocks being wetted with ink, copies may be taken on paper. The leaves are then fastened together and enclosed in a simple paper cover with the title in the top left-hand corner.

MADAME PATTI gives a little talk on musical theory as follows. When questioned as to the secret of her good health and the retention of her voice, she said: "I keep my temper and stick to regular hours." She added this valuable suggestion: "Never lose you temper. No woman can keep young who often loses her temper. When I feel that my temper is getting the better of me I get up and leave the room. Avoid all excesses of every kind. Be moderate in all things."

Grains of Gold.

Real good never shrinks from any kind of a test.

No man falls into contempt but those who deserve it.

We get impatient, and there crops out our human weakness.

If you pay as you go, you are more likely to avoid the rush.

No man is as good as he looks when he has his wedding suit on.

When trying to outwit others, take care that you don't outwit yourself.

Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Good looks go a long way, but finally the paint wears off and there you are.

Has a man a right to throw away his own happiness any more than that of another?

It is a fair step towards happiness to delight in the conversation of wise and good men.

At the holiday season make some one happy. In want of a better way try it on yourself.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. Temperance, courage, love, are made up of the same jewels.

Liberal dealing is much better than alms-giving, for it tends to prevent pauperism, which is better than relieving it.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous.

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pain and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure.

Femininities.

Sofa pillows have grown abnormally large.

Neckties that are never cast aside—Female arms.

France has 69,359 public schools and 14,500 private ones.

The rainbow fan is composed of a combination of different colored laces.

Ezra Boisseau, of Southold, N. Y., is reported to have voted regularly for the past 72 years.

A Hannibal, Mo., man is said to have recently dislocated his shoulder while turning over in his bed.

Mr. Staylate: Is your sister expecting me to-night? Tommy: I guess so. She's been sleeping all day.

The back of the piano is now exposed to the room instead of being crowded up against the wall.

"Hoh!" sneered Marty, "of course horses can run faster than boys. They've got twice as many legs."

Miss Luella Cook, of San Francisco, has been placed in charge of dentistry at the Stanford University.

He, anxiously: You are not your own dear self to-night, sweetheart! She, passively: No, darling, I am yours.

Between North street and the Battery, New York, there are said to be 15,000 women employed as type-writers.

There are reported to be three million commercial drummers in this country, only three of whom are women.

Pauline: I broke a fellow's heart once. Priscilla, with awe: How? Pauline: I told him I was rich when I wasn't.

Brown rice kernels are recommended as a palatable and wholesome substitute for coffee for children or invalids.

In olden times torches were used at weddings, a practice indeed dating as far back as the time of the Romans.

Absence diminishes weak passions, augments great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers, but increases a conflagration.

A needle was taken from the body of a Lima, O., woman several days ago, after being in her body, it is claimed, 23 years.

Convalescent, looking at his doctor's bill: "Good gracious! have I been as sick as all this, doctor? I wonder I'm alive!"

A woman or girl never gets so old or world-worn that she does not prefer the Christmas present to the Christmas past.

Adorer: May I be your pilot and guide your bark through the stormy sea of life? Fair widow: No, dear; but you may be my second mate.

Mistress: "Jane, Willie informs me that my husband kissed you yesterday!" Jane: "Oh, that's all right, ma'am—I've got used to it now."

He: "But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?" She: "I don't think I could, George." He, reaching for his hat: "It is as I feared! You are too old to learn."

The chief art decorator of a well-known New York carriage manufactory is a young woman, who has 20 women employed in the department which she controls.

The other day 50 jars of fruit fell and were destroyed in the cellar of a house at Yardley, Pa., and 50 neighbors each brought the woman a can of fruit to make up her loss.

A social innovation in New York city is the "Blue-Ribbon Invitation" to dinners, indicating (by a knot of blue ribbon in the lower left-hand corner) that wine will not be served.

School inspector: "Your primary class does very well in arithmetic, Miss Bluehose, especially in addition." Teacher: "Yes, sir. It is when you hear them in addition that you realize how little things count up."

In more than one London hospital are efficient fire brigades of nurses, and in great business establishments, like those of silk manufacturers and bookbinders, where hundreds of women are employed, the fire drill has been established.

Two Cincinnati men decided a few days ago to ride home in a hearse. The terror and affright of the feminine portion of their households when they reached their destinations came very near to making their gruesome conveyance a necessity in dead earnest.

Reasoning from the fact that a spot on a white shirt from a dead-ripe banana marks the garment forever, a chemist suggests that this fruit may be used in making a first-class indelible ink. He says that the juice from a banana thoroughly decayed is a bright, clear carmine, and is valuable for marking purposes.

A cough cure: For a troublesome cough take an ounce of licorice, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a teaspoonful of flaxseed and two quarts of water. Boil slowly until reduced to one quart, then add a quarter of a pound of rock candy and the juice of one lemon. Drink half a pint of this when going to bed, and a little more when the cough is troublesome.

Masculinities.

A boy hates to have a crowd look at him, but a girl enjoys it.

A bridegroom always wears immaculately clean linen and a careworn expression.

Lovers are so light-hearted they can read each other's thoughts with the gas turned very low.

When the purse is empty and the kitchen cold, then the voice of flattery is no longer heard.

Can it be said that a young man is heartless just because he has given his heart to a beautiful maid?

One of the poorest men on earth is the one who has no time or inclination to do anything except try to make money.

He: Why don't you want our engagement announced, my dear? She: I won't never get another proposal if it's let out.

How much easier it is to sit in the shade and tell our friends what we intend to do, than it is to go out in the sun and do it.

The elder one, recently engaged: Do you think it proper for a girl to kiss the man she is engaged to? The other: Yes; if it is with his consent.

The prejudices of men emanate from the mind and may be overcome; the prejudices of women emanate from the heart and are impregnable.

A Chariton county, Missouri, paper offers to send the most popular young lady of that county to the World's Fair, the matter to be decided by vote.

"He's only a representative as yet, but I think that in time he will become a power in politics." "Good talker, is he?" "No; keeps his mouth shut."

Nathaniel S. Barry, of Bristol, N. H., is said to be the oldest living ex-Governor of a State in the United States. He was 96 years old on the 1st day of September, 1887.

A Denver, Colorado, young woman claims that a young man forced her to swallow six dynamite caps. The man was arrested, and the woman went crazy from fear.

Little Jack: Papa, do you like the taste of smoke? Papa: Yes, very much. Little Jack: Then why do you blow it out of your mouth instead of keeping it there?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes admitted the other day to a lady who went to him for information on the point, that he did not know the name or subject of his first poem.

Mrs. Parvaynuh: I'm most afraid to wear more than four diamond necklaces to once, for fear it will make me appear vulgar. Mrs. Heighliffe: Oh, you needn't be afraid on that score.

Tramp: Sir, are you a philanthropist? Stranger: I flatter myself that I am. Tramp: I feared so. But perhaps you could put me on to some common, every-day bloke that'd give up a dime.

For a particular purpose. Clerk: "What size stocking do you want?" Willie: "About No. 20, I guess." Clerk: "Why, my little man, you can't wear a larger size than 6!" Willie: "These are for Christmas."

A stranger who has lately been victimizing residents of Americus, Ga., by touching appeals of charity, was arrested, and upon being searched a bottle of whisky and several boxes of cigarettes were found on his person.

Sir Archibald Geikie, of the British Association, after much careful thought and patient investigation, together with a deal of figuring, has come to the conclusion that the world is between 75,000,000 and 150,000,000 years old.

The Sultan has 300 wives; the King of Dahomey, 250; the Shah of Persia, 400; the King of Siam, 600; the King of Ashantee, 3000, and the Emperor of Morocco about 600. Some men have queer notions as to what constitutes a quiet life.

Long hair has come to stay in football. Various styles of headgear have had their day; but the advantages of the natural covering for the head has been so generally recognized that it is likely to remain the only protection for the head of a football player.

Amos Lane, of Amedee, Mass., constructed a unique clock during the past summer. The timepiece, which, by the way, is all face, hands and lever, is attached to a geyser, which shoots upward a large column of hot water every 33 seconds.

Louis Coulon, a French sculptor, is said to be the owner of the longest beard in the world. He can fold it like a plaid around his arm, or twist it around his neck like a lady's boa. Though gray it is still growing, and from present indications will soon touch the ground.

The religious faith of a South Carolina prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary has been strengthened recently by direct answer to prayer. He prayed within the hearing of some visitors at the institution that the Lord would send him "'possum and sweet taters" for a Thanksgiving dinner, and, although his faith wavered, five fat 'possums were received by the warden, as well as several bushels of sweet potatoes. All the other colored prisoners in the jail dined with him.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

Tableaux vivants form a delightful and most interesting amusement for Christmas parties, etc. They require some taste in the dressing and skill in the arrangement of the different poses; and, when the curtain is raised, not a limb nor muscle should move, even under the most trying circumstances. Those taking part in the game should arrange themselves into two parties, or sides; the acting party and the guessing party. Three guesses are allowed, and should these be incorrect, the acting party must play again.

No. I.

All the furniture of the room must be moved out of the way for this Tableau, as it is to represent the place of an execution. In the middle a severe and haughty-looking man, dressed in a purple or scarlet cloak, with his hair loosely brushed out, is sitting on a raised seat. The executioner, on the right, has all the apparatus ready for his task. The victim stands forward boldly, looks resigned and even happy. Spectators and soldiers are grouped about with anxiety depicted on their countenances. After one minute of perfect stillness, a movement is seen near the door, and a man, hot and dusty, rushes in and throws himself into the arms of the victim. The curtain falls amidst clapping of hands.

When it rises, the new-comer must be in the place of the former victim, and the bystanders again clap, and all look on with approval.

The curtain falls again, and upon its rising for the third time, both are kneeling before the centre figure (who regards them benignantly) significant of a pardon having been granted.

The story of "Damon and Pythias."

No. II.

The gas must be turned down very low. If it happen to be a moonlight night, and if this scene can be enacted in a room where there is a window through which the moonlight comes streaming in, the effect will be greatly enhanced. The ground should be completely covered with a sheet or something white which will reach all over it. A Christmas tree or some evergreens should be procured, and have white cotton wool lightly placed on all the branches to imitate snow. A lady enveloped in a white sheet or table-cloth, is seen stealthily making her way through the snow with a few followers all in the same garb.

The Empress Matilda escaping from Oxford Castle A. D. 1142.

No. III.

A room bare of furniture except a table and a chair, with a bed in one corner, to represent a prison. A man in deep thought is sitting with his head in his hands. A gaoler opens the door, glances round, and retires. A lady, plainly dressed, enters. She looks with infinite love and compassion on the prisoner. He kisses her tenderly. She takes off her bonnet, shawl, and skirt, and signs to him to take off his coat and waistcoat. She then proceeds to dress him in her clothes, and makes him walk across the room two or three times with her to accustom him to the change. She then ties a thick veil over his face, embraces him, and points to the door. He hesitates; she points imperatively; he shakes his head, then comes and sits down again. She raises him from the chair, conducts him to the door, insists upon his going, carefully opens it, looks earnestly after him, then shuts and bolts it, returns to the chair, puts on his waistcoat and coat, gives a sign of relief, and falls on her knees. Curtain.

Escape from prison of the Earl of Nithdale, A. D., 1716.

A Missionary's Trouble.—A missionary to China, who was mobbed and his house burned, gives the following account of it. His sister lived with him and was a medical missionary, and for the benefit of a Chinese medical student who was reading under her direction she had a skeleton in the house. Being short of soap she undertook to make some, and manufactured a barrel of soft soap. The Chinese had never seen such an operation, and word soon spread that the foreigners were making "medicine," and the report grew until it was asserted commonly that three Chinese babies were cooked upon the premises every day. The excited populace finally mobbed the house, and finding the soft soap and the skeleton they concluded that the reports were correct and burned the buildings, the missionaries barely escaping with their lives.

"Wheezing" in children is soon cured by the famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Naming the Baby.—In naming your girl baby, novel and uncommon, or merely pretty and fanciful names, are the ones of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification or do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some odd and romantic name. The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves, and sweet in their associations.

There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion, are inappropriate, except in the nursery, as pet appellations of babies. There are a score of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are all good, and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them, they are none the less attractive.

Those which are most commonly used, are, indeed, the most agreeable to the ear—like Mary and Margaret, Catherine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. Affection will never get tired of them. They will be as common a thousand years from now, as they were a thousand years ago, and as they are to-day.

A Cloud Picture.—During a summer storm among the Catskill Mountains, the guests in the Mountain House Hotel were in the parlor, when it was announced that "the house was going past on the outside!" An eye-witness wrote:

"All rushed to the piazza, and there, sure enough, upon a moving cloud more dense than the fog that enveloped the mountains, was a perfect picture of the great building in colossal proportions.

"The mass of vapor was passing slowly from north to south, directly in front, at a distance apparently of 200 feet from the house, and reflected the noble Corinthian columns which ornament the front of the building, every window and all the spectators. The cloud moved on, and ere long we saw one pillar disappear, and then another.

"We ourselves, who were expanded into giants in size, saw the gulf into which we were to enter and be lost. I almost shuddered when my turn came; but there was no escaping my fate; one side of my face was veiled, and in a moment the whole had passed like a dream."

What a picture of human life! We are in the world but a few short years, and then we disappear. How are we using the quickly fleeting moments? That is the questions.

A Pretty Phrase.—The Italians have a pretty phrase to express that fine kind of tact which is independent of education. They call it the intellect of love; and they have crystallised in those four words one of the most ethereal, but also one of the most potent, characteristics of human nature.

Not the most liberal education gives this intellect of love where the materials have been denied by nature; not the most restricted range of knowledge destroys it where it is there by the constitution of things. They have none of that prickly heat of temperament which flushes out into a moral eruption at the least contrariety of circumstances.

They make allowances for weather, health, disappointments, annoyances, misunderstandings, and they give the benefit of the doubt on the charitable side, whenever it is possible to frame a doubt at all. They never quarrel. Even if things go badly, as by reason of malice and misrepresentation they do sometimes with the best in the world, they suffer quietly, and do not make bad worse.

Washing Away the Earth.—A French geologist has made a careful calculation of the amount of solid matter yearly carried off into the ocean by the action of the rivers of the world and other causes. He estimates that the reduction of the average height of the surface of the solid land is 0·000 inches each year.

Making allowance for the corresponding rise in the bed of the ocean, and taking no account of the occurrence of the volcanic and other exceptional phenomena—the general tendency of which is to hasten the process of disintegration—the period at which the solid land will have ceased to exist, and the surface of the earth will be covered with water, has been estimated.

As, however, that period is 4,500,000 years distant, the prediction need cause no immediate disquietude.

Thanks to the introduction of Salvation Oil, young bicyclers need not fear a fall. 25c.

From the Philadelphia correspondent of The Mercantile & Financial Times, New York.

"Ills Flesh is Heir To."

The Remarkably Effective Curative System of the O. E. Miller Hernia Treatment Company.

THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

In no department of modern human enterprise does the saying of Galileo, "The world moves," apply so forcibly as to the domain of medical and surgical science. The present generation has seen the methods of treating the various "ills that flesh is heir to" completely revolutionized. The "code of medical ethics" has given way to a reign of common sense. That code formerly taught that a man "having a light, should hide it under a bushel." The modern idea is that a man having a light shall set it on top of a hill, that all the people may have the benefit of its cheering rays. When men like Dr. Pasteur, Dr. Koch, in Berlin, Prof. O. E. Miller in the United States, and other great master minds of the "healing art" invite the fierce light of publicity, what folly it is for Dr. This and Dr. That, who never in all their lives accomplished anything worth speaking about—what folly it is for such men to talk about the "code of medical ethics!"

The world moves.

Your correspondent is led into a consideration of these things through noting something of the work that has been taken in hand here by the famous O. E. Miller Hernia Treatment Company, which has been doing so much good throughout the West to sufferers from rupture for the past six years, and now has offices in thirteen of the leading cities, and has recently fitted up and opened offices in the Mutual Life Building here at Tenth and Chestnut streets. The home company has its offices in the Tabor Opera House Block, Denver, Col., and it has a paid-up capital of $250,000 and surplus and undivided profits, according to its last statement, September 15th, 1892, amounting to $235,621.87. It issues regular financial statements the same as a State or National bank, the following being a copy of the last:

ASSETS.

Secured territorial bonds	$128,500 00
Real estate	134,150 00
Treasury stock	10,000 00
First mortgage real estate bonds	11,400 00
Other stocks and bonds	101,300 00
Bills and notes receivable	50,468 28
Supplies on hand	5,000 00
Cash on hand and in bank	11,487 17
Total assets	$547,305 15

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$250,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	235,621 87
Bills and notes payable	29,650 00
Trust deeds on real estate	32,034 28
Total liabilities	$547,305 15

The following are the officers and stockholders of the Denver company:

O. E. Miller, President.

George Dila, Vice-President.

A. J. Starkweather, Secretary and Treasurer.

E. O. Carrington, Territorial Manager.

Willis M. Wright, M. D., Chief of Medical Staff.

A. W. Chamberlin, of the Chamberlin Investment Company, Denver.

George E. Ross-Lewin, Cashier First National Bank, Denver.

Isaac E. Blake, President Continental Oil Company, Denver.

C. H. Dow, President Commercial National Bank, Denver.

Your correspondent gives these figures and names to show the extraordinary financial strength and complete responsibility of the system—matters that will commend themselves far more strongly to the bankers and brokers and merchant princes who read this paper than any number of testimonials of cure or any amount of individual eulogy.

All the other offices in the other States are regularly incorporated under the laws of the State in which they are located. The Pennsylvania office as above, has been incorporated under the laws of this State with a capital of $100,000. The offices here consist of four very handsome, even luxuriously, furnished rooms comprising reception, consulting and examination rooms and business office, and the physician in charge is Dr. T. S. Carrington, a practising physician of high standing who has been with the company about two years and in charge of the medical department at the home office at Denver for the past year until he came here and incorporated the Pennsylvania Company of which he is President. Dr. Carrington is in full charge here and is ably assisted by F. S. deMattos, Ph. D., who is the Secretary and Business Manager. After a long talk with Dr. Carrington and an examination into the methods of treatment of the company, together with the strong financial backing and references of the company has fully convinced me, as it must every disinterested man, that the company are entirely worthy of the fullest confidence and patronage. The company do not claim to cure all and every case of rupture nor to effect a cure in a week or a month or a year. But after examination (which costs nothing) if the case is curable and the company agrees to undertake it, they tell the patient exactly what it will cost to cure him, and they will then guarantee a cure or refund the money if they fail. No fairer offer could be made. And the high standing of the men at the head of the company and the fact that it has been doing such good work for more than six years in other parts of the country speaks sufficiently for its permanency. It is the only corporation of the kind in the world, and is doing more good for less money to rupture sufferers than all truss makers combined. Many of the latter are absolutely harmful. The company will soon establish a branch at Pittsburg and others in the larger cities of the State as the proper medical gentlemen can be secured. Already the opening of the Philadelphia office has been a great success (and only opened last Monday) the rooms being well filled with patients, both male and female, during office hours daily.

There is no need to say anything here about the tortures of hernia. Only those who are afflicted with it can understand the subject. No others can properly appreciate the tremendous importance of this new achievement in medical science which renders an absolute cure not merely a possibility but a certainty. It is the greatest achievement of the Nineteenth century.

How People Die.—A medical journal says that the annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, to 33,000,000 persons. This, it is observed, implies that the average deaths per day are nearly 91,000, being at the rate of 3,791 an hour. The notion of 63 people dying every minute of the day and night all the year round presents our death statistics perhaps in the most lugubrious aspect that is possible. Pursuing these cheerful researches this authority finds that a fourth of the race die before completing their 8th year and one-half before the end of the 17th year; but the average duration of life is nevertheless about 38 years. Further it has ascertained that centenarians are so rare that not more than one person in a hundred thousand attains this patriarchal age.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by The Post.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "The Landing of Columbus," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Magazine of American History" for December contains a number of valuable articles and general information almost indispensable to the student of events connected with the early days of this country. Published at New York.

"The Eclectic" is a grand collection of the best articles from the leading magazines of the world. The giving of much in little was never better represented than in this periodical. Published at New York.

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.—Happiness passes away, leaving hardly a single trace behind, and can often indeed scarcely be called happiness, seeing nothing lasting has been gained by it. Unhappiness also passes away (and that is a great consolation), but leaves deep traces behind, and, if we know how to improve them, most wholesome ones, purifying and strengthening, and frequently productive of the highest happiness. Then in life it is worthy of peculiar remark, that when we are not too solicitous as to happiness, or the want of it, but devote ourselves to the strict and unsparing fulfilment of duty, then happiness comes of itself—yes, even arises from a life of troubles and anxieties and privations. I have often seen this verified in the case of women who were very unfortunate in their conjugal relations, but who would rather have perished than dreamt of forsaking their duty.

MANAGING HIM.—"There is one thing I liked about your husband: he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

"Precious little credit due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves out of the way and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing."

CLERK: "What did number ten want?" Hall-boy: "Nothin'. He didn't ring. Must a' been some other number, sir. He said he didn't ring, an' didn't want anything, an' he says he's very comfortable, sir." "Very comfortable! He's got one of the cheapest rooms in the house. Go turn the heat off."

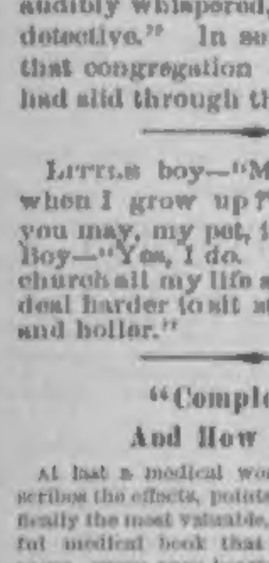
IN a church, the other day, the large congregation were devoutly kneeling in prayer, when an irreverent joker quite audibly whispered, "Here come an Eastern detective." In seventeen seconds all of that congregation except the chief elder had slid through the windows.

LITTLE boy—"Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?" Mother—"Of course, you may, my pet, if you want to." Little Boy—"Yes, I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life anyhow, an' it's a good deal harder to sit still than to walk around and holler."

"Complete Manhood, And How to Attain It."

At last a medical work that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy. This is scientifically the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book that has appeared for years; 96 pages, every page bearing a half-tone illustration in tints. Some of the subjects treated are Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterility, Development, Varicocele, The Husband, Those Intending Marriage, etc. Every man who would know the grand truths, the plain facts, the old secrets and the new discoveries of medical science as applied to married life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for this wonderful little book. It will be sent free, under seal, while the edition lasts. If convenient enclose ten cents to pay postage alone. Address the publishers, Erie Medical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald,
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER, Oak Lodge Thorpe, Nov., 28, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully, LEONARD MYERS, Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

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From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

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RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

Humorous.

THE MODERN WAY.

It used to be the proper thing,
When passion sought revealing,
For knights to pass the time before
Their lady loves in kneeling.
But little did those fellows know
What sweet things they were missing:
For life's too short to-day to kneel,
We take it out in kissing.

—U. N. Nose.

Left.

"Is that Ralph Hownow, who was mentioned in his late uncle's will?"

"Yes; $1,000,000 went to charity, and what was left of the estate went to Ralph."

"Indeed, and what was left?"

"Ralph, and this the holiday season, too."

A big moustache makes a hair-lip.

Job was probably the most precocious child on record. He cursed the day he was born.

At Christmas time it is especially true that people become to some extent what they eat. Everybody becomes a gobbler.

The speed of railway trains is being brought to a point where even people on bridal tours regard the tunnel as a nuisance.

Publisher: "Is your novel realistic?" Author: "It is. The hero and heroine get married in the first chapter and are unhappy ever afterward."

George: "I'm afraid Ethel doesn't love me any more." Jack: "What makes you think so?" "Last night she introduced me to her chaperon."

Maud: "I would not be in your shoes for anything. I should consider it a terrible misfortune," Marie, looking at her feet: "It would be a terrible misfit."

He: "Have you seen Mrs. Barnwell, the society lady who has gone on the stage?" She: "No; but I want to see her not dreadfully." He: "She always does."

Jess: "Supposing a friend should ask me to sing and I said I couldn't, would that be a white lie?" Bess: "I guess so; it would be treating your friend white, anyway."

"What has become of Tomson this while back?" "I don't know. He placed himself in the hands of his friends just before election and he hasn't been seen since."

Dentist: "Hold still till I drill out the cavity. Perhaps I can avoid pulling it." Tree-top: "No yer don't; take out that yer tooth in the old-fashioned way. None of yer drilling and blasting for me."

Colonel Gray: "Well, Uncle Jasper, I see you have your Christmas turkey. You must have been working right hard lately to be able to get such a fine fellow as that." Uncle Jasper: "Yas, sah; night wuk, mostly."

"What afternoon would you like to have out?" inquired the woman who was trying to employ a servant-young-lady. "Oi beg pardon, mom," was the response; "but what afternoon would yez ixpect me to stay in?"

Little Joe had been silent during his Christmas dinner, but finally he rested his fat elbows on the table, with knife and fork upright in either hand, and gave a great sigh and said: "I wish turkeys could be made double-breasted."

"If the drinking habit is a disease, why don't men afflicted with it have themselves treated by a physician?" "They don't object to being treated by a physician. Men afflicted with that disease are willing to be treated by anybody."

Elder Barry: "I've been telling Jobbots about the walls of Jericho falling down from men blowing their horns." Dr. Thirdly: "What did he say?" Elder Barry: "Didn't doubt it. He lived for a month over a man who owned a cornet."

Book agent: "Yes, madam, this is an encyclopedia. It will tell you anything you want to know." Lady: "Anything I want to know, eh?" Book agent: "Yes, madam." Lady: "Well, just make it tell me what my husband is going to buy me for a Christmas present and I'll buy it."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

This is the season when a girl's fancy when it doesn't go out toward Christmas presents, all runs to dancing slippers and polished floors, to delicious music and handsome partners, with big eyes and a mustache to match. It doesn't matter what kind of a man it is, so he has those attributes and can keep step in the waltz and knows just what kind of refreshment you would be likely to want, providing you wanted any.

And to dance four nights out of every seven from now up to Lent one must have more than one dancing dress, for the light material of which they are usually made does not last for many dances. One which was made yesterday for a young lady who is called the most indefatigable dancer in her set was of glace silk, flecked with brocade dots that looked like crystals. It had three rows of gauze ribbon, accordion plaited, about the bottom. The waist was draped most gracefully to a point, and the sleeves were simply falls of lace without any puffs.

A friend of this young lady had a costume made to wear to a fancy dress ball in the style of about 150 years ago, and, oddly, enough, there are many points of resemblance with the current fashion. The gigantic sleeve are not so very much larger than those we are expected to wear now. But just look at that muff! It is big enough to carry a pug dog or a baby in. The dress in question and bordered with marten fur. The bonnet was lined with cherry satin and was not half bad.

Mrs. Edith Kingdon Gould had a handsome evening dress sent home a few days before the death of Mr. Jay Gould. It was made of mauve corded silk, the cords white. The front had a sort of drapery of superb lace that was held up on both sides with sprays of delicate flowers, and a spray reached diagonally over the left shoulder down to the right front and back. The corsage was medium low. The balloon sleeves were of white corded silk, with a lace berthe falling over them and caught up in several places by diamond stickpins.

FANCY DRESS AND BROCADE BALL GOWN.

Over this rich gown she wore a white camel's hair wrap, the back and arm pieces being embroidered with silver and pearl beads. A band of white ostrich flues bordered the wrap, which was lined with silver gray brocade satin and clasped with an antique silver buckle and chain.

Now this elegant costume will be laid away and the somber habiliments of woe substituted.

Among the newest importations in woolen dress goods, I notice poplin and ottoman cloth, Eton cord velours, alligator cloths and Drycole cloth, besides several new weaves which show up heavy cords either in waved or straight lines. Whipcords are also shown now as a material for fine tailor suits, but neither these nor the fine diagonals should be bought, as they show signs of wear and grow glossy in no time at all.

Matelasse is a most useful and desirable material for street and hard outdoor wear. Some of the matelasse is in plaid patterns, and some has chenille stripes or blocks.

There is a chenille fabric in colors where there is a plaid pattern in depressed lines, so that only when the material is folded or moved can the underlying figure be seen. It is superbly rich in appearance.

There are several novel effects obtained by weaving silk and wool of different colors. It is and is not "changeable," and has a brilliancy and luster that is wonderful.

Crepon is not quite as much used as before, or as this diagonal, changeable silk and wool goods, which has no distinctive name yet. The wavy corded bengalines and the stiff brocades, with large patterns strewn over the surface, are popular for rich evening dresses.

The deep rooted liking for jet as a trimming at once unobtrusive and rich, and adapted to almost any garment or goods, has given it a lease of life, and to-day more fine cut jet trimming is used than ever before. It is used on hats and bonnets, on cloaks and gowns, and even on shoes. There are many most elegant designs in corselets, both with and without fringe. There is no limit to its use and no fear that it will be out of place, for borderings are out on almost everything. A belt made like one of the little fur cravats had the same limp little paws flapping about and the same malevolent look out of the beady eyes. Russian galloons, Persian and Bulgarian embroidery ribbons and laces are all used for trimming. Honiton point and Irish point are the favorite real laces this winter.

Festooned lace flounces and intricate made trimming of ribbons are the favorite trimmings for evening dresses. Twisted lines of ribbon, with windmill bows, or true lovers' knots, at regular intervals, are pretty ways to ornament a skirt.

Some elderly ladies prefer soft wools, with dainty black silk or white mull aprons and fichus; others prefer silks, black generally. It matters little which is preferred, as both are becoming and equally expensive.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil two chickens until the meat leaves the bones easily, then pull to pieces and chop fine, letting the liquor in which they were cooked boil down until only a cupful remains. Add about one-half as much chopped ham as chicken, roll two soda crackers, pour the stock over, seasoning highly. Mix well together, put in a deep long pan, pressing down hard with the hand. Fold a cloth several times, put over the top and put on a weight. It will slice nicely if prepared the day before using.

Boned Chicken.—Boil a young fowl until tender; remove the meat from the bones, chop fine and season with pepper, salt and butter, and pour over it the liquor that the chicken was cooked in, which should be boiled down to a jelly; put it in a basin and press down with a weight until it is cold; keep in a cool place. Slice with a very sharp knife.

Chicken Pates.—Line your pate pans with pastry, and bake. Mince your chicken and dressing with one or two hard boiled eggs, if you have them. Add your gravy or chicken jelly, season with butter, salt and pepper, and let all heat together. Fill the crusts with this preparation, and serve at once.

Marbled Chicken.—Take a fat, full-grown chicken, and, after dressing it in the usual manner, wash and boil until very tender, using only a small quantity of water, and season with pepper, salt and butter. Cut all the meat from the bones, keeping the breast and dark-colored meat separate. With a sharp knife chop the meat moderately fine, and press in a large bowl, putting the white and dark meat in alternate layers. Strain the liquor in which the fowl was cooked and pour it over the meat. Set on the ice until thoroughly cold; turn from the bowl, cut in thin slices and serve with sliced lemons.

Chicken Cheese.—Boil two chickens in water enough to make them tender; take them out when done; remove all the bones; mince the meat very fine; season with salt; pepper and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone; pour into a deep dish; lay a plate over it, put on a weight, and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten, cut in slices, and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for tea.

Virginia Oyster Soup.—Take two quarts of good oysters and wash through two waters. Strain the liquor, and to it salt if necessary, four blades of mace, celery chopped fine and a teaspoonful of black pepper and a little cayenne pepper. Let it simmer over the fire five minutes, then add a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed smooth with two tablespoons of flour and three pints of rich cream and new milk, half and half. Let it come to a good boil, stirring all the time, then put in the oysters and let them boil up once. Put the oysters in a tureen, pour the soup over them and serve very hot.

Stewed Oysters.—Separate the oysters from the liquor; put the liquor in a stew pan and add one pint of water, a wine glass of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and pepper, salt and bread crumbs to taste. Let all boil together, add oysters and cook till thoroughly heated.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect December 4, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.10 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, 120th and Chestnut sts., 4.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.10 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.10 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.10 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.05 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.00 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—sleeping Car Line. Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 dining car, 2.35, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.05, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 4.35, 6.20, 8.18 dining car, p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Fine or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.20, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.45 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.21 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.00 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.00, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9.00 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.45 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.45 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 6.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 pm. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.20, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 8.20, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.20, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Grenloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 4.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 600 South Third street, and 18 south Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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